New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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IN EBBW VALE
W. John Morgan

★

Reports from New York
Buenos Aires, Beirut
Istanbul, Westminster
and Fleet Street

★

BASIL DAVIDSON
African Independence

★

R. H. S. CROSSMAN
on Anti-Semitism

★

V. S. PRITCHETT
Endgame in France

★

CHILDREN'S BOOK
SUPPLEMENT – II

Control from Detroit?

THE Ford plan to sell Dagenham to Detroit has rightly caused anxiety and anger. Yet another valuable asset is to be sold off, like Trinidad Oil and a score of efficient firms that have latterly passed under American control, at a large profit to its owners and to the detriment of our economy. The deal is being put through, moreover, at a moment when thousands of car workers are being dismissed, thousands more are on short time, and the industry is passing through a severe crisis. The men in Coventry, Luton and Birmingham, bewildered by this swift change of fortune from the good times earlier this year, will bitterly note the contrast between their dole queue and the line of brokers clamouring wildly for motor shares.

MPs are right to insist on a full debate on the Ford sell-out. But the issues raised by this bid go much deeper than the single instance of the Dagenham works. At a time when the motor industry, here as well as in Europe and overseas, is about to face stiff competition, and even rationalisation into large cartels crossing national frontiers, 40 per cent of it in Britain will have passed wholly into American hands if Mr Selwyn Lloyd lets the deal go through.

Why is this a serious matter? The answer lies in the special role that vehicle production plays in modern capitalism. It has become the mainspring of the economy. When it expands, the boom extends through steel, transport and a dozen lesser industries down to the retail trade. When it runs into difficulties, everything slows down. Whether one looks at Detroit, the South Midlands, or even on a smaller scale, at the motor works in France and Australia, it is the level of production in the motor industry that, in conditions of free enterprise, increasingly dominates the economy. The question raised both by the Ford deal and by the present position of the whole industry in Britain is the wisdom of this policy, deliberately fostered by the government for the last decade.

For this industry, permitted to soak up capital, industrial equipment and skilled labour at the expense of more productive investments, has become dangerously unstable. Just as its uncontrolled expansion has so far boosted Tory prosperity, so its difficulties – as Mr Wilson pointed out last weekend – may now set off a recession. Since 1954 the output of cars has risen from 769,000 to a total that may come close to 1,300,000 this year. By late 1962, if present investment plans are carried through, the industry will have a capacity well over the two million mark. To reach this target, the Big Five alone propose to spend £200m in the next three years, and almost as much will be spent by steel and component producers to keep in step with them. If the export market looked promising, these plans would seem more rational. But the British share of the world trade in cars has dropped from 38 to 25 per cent in the last five years, and as the market hardens in one country after another there is no reason to assume that exports can be much above 600,000 in 1963.

Simple arithmetic reveals the dangers ahead. On the most optimistic forecast, and disregarding the effect an expansion of the home market will have on our balance of payments, the most that the industry can expect to sell here is a million cars a year by 1963. There will be excess capacity to the tune of at least 500,000 cars. What will the employment situation in the car cities then look like?

The Tories have justly claimed that Britain is prosperous. But the boom has been based on a dangerous paradox. Full employment and good wages have been allowed by the government to depend on the expansion of the motor industry. At the same time the government has refused to plan that expansion. Our prosperity thus depends on the hazards of the consumer market, abroad as well as at home. If the Ford deal goes through, it will not even be the search for profit by British car cartels which determines the work and wages of British people. The controlling hand will be exclusively in Detroit.

Comments on the Week's News

New York

The Razor's Edge

ROBERT BENDINER *writes:* No one can say for certain what President-elect Kennedy plans to do by way of exploring the New Frontiers he has been talking about since, in the accepted tradition of campaigners, he has been vague as to detail. But in this limbo between election and inauguration the chief issue, to judge from the nation's press, is whether or not he has a mandate to do any exploring at all. His victory by a hair's breadth 'is not a blank check for experimentation, or for adventures in the field of risky policies,' the *Philadelphia Bulletin* solemnly and typically warns. It is 'anything but a mandate to carry out either all the Democratic platform or his personal commitments,' echoes the *St Louis Globe-Democrat*. And even the *Atlanta Constitution*, which supported Kennedy, considers the results 'no repudiation of President Eisenhower and no abrupt departure from middle-road politics.'

It is hard to believe that these editorial councillors would be taking quite the same tack about the popular mandate if the verdict had gone just as narrowly to Vice-President Nixon. A majority, even a razor-thin one, is after all entitled to at least as much consideration as the minority. If the country had wanted another Administration committed to doing nothing and doing it in the middle of the fairway, it presumably would not have given anything close to a majority to a man who had based his whole campaign on a pledge to get the United States off dead-centre and see that it 'moves ahead in the Nineteen-Sixties.' Kennedy has lost no time in adopting precisely this position. He had made known his views, he told reporters at his first news conference, and he had been elected – 'therefore I'm going to do my best to implement those views and meet my responsibilities.'

His first announcement on personnel was conciliatory to the extent of leaving a Dulles in Washington and of propitiating a household god. The Dulles is Allen W., director of the Central Intelligence Agency, and the god, of course, is J. Edgar Hoover, for 36 years director of the FBI and a pillar of the Republic as impervious to political tides as the White House butler. Besides these two, Kennedy named Clark Clifford to supervise the transition from the old Administration to the new. One of President Truman's key advisers, Clifford established a reputation as a man of remarkable skill in formulating Fair Deal programmes and making them palatable to conservative Congressmen. Just as significant, Kennedy appointed James M. Landis, a militant veteran of the New Deal, to make a study of how to improve the federal regulatory agencies, which since his days in office have become the somewhat tainted instruments of the interests they were created to regulate.

When disappointed Republican editors and party leaders are not cautioning Kennedy about the lack of a mandate, they are hopefully engaged in foreseeing trouble for him on Capitol Hill. Since he won by a whisker, it might as well have been a Confederate whisker as any other kind, they point out, and he is therefore in no position to deal high-handedly with the Southern contingent in Congress. Should his New Frontiers prove too uncomfortable a terrain, the Democrats from Dixie can and will combine with the Republicans to make him wish he had stayed happily in the Senate. And, for good measure, they add, the Republicans have strengthened their position in both Houses of Congress.

No doubt there is something in this line of argument, but not as much as its advocates would like to believe. If Kennedy needed and got the votes of some southern states, as it turned out, he also needed and got the votes of Negroes, trade unionists, Catholics, and liberals in the great cities of the North – and they were, if anything, more decisive. Kennedy is a firm believer in the quick attack and has often indicated that the hope of his Administration lies in the achievements of its first three months. He counts on a honeymoon period, usually accorded a new President, in which to put across an accelerated space programme, federal aid for the schools, policies for increasing the gross national product and reducing unemployment, new farm and medical-aid plans, and perhaps a fresh approach to disarmament. If he is denied this period of harmony, he will try building a counter-coalition of northern Democrats and moderately liberal Republicans, of whom there is now a sizeable contingent in Congress. And if this fails, he will have to fall back on persuasion by patronage, of which he will have plenty to dispense after eight years of Democratic starvation, and on personal appeals to an electorate that had just voted him in, however narrowly. Even without the enormous prestige of the presidency, he has been known to win debates and influence people.

Buenos Aires

The Rise of General Rosas

CLAUDIO VELIZ *writes from Buenos Aires:* With brief interruptions for elections, strikes and riots, Argentina has been enduring a continuous political crisis since Peron was overthrown in 1955. The last episode was recently played as two rival army groups struggled for supremacy while a bewildered President and an indifferent people looked on. As a result of this latest development, President Frondizi was conclusively exposed to his nation as an interim executive who occupies the *Casa Rosada* at the pleasure of his military advisers. He only remains in office because neither military group can establish supremacy.

The best-known of these two groups is called the *Gorilla* and is led by General Toranzo Montero with Aramburu and Rojas among its top brass. The *Gorillas* sincerely believe themselves to be the custodians of freedom in the country and feel that as they delivered Argentina from Peron and voluntarily handed the presidency to a freely-elected president, it is their responsibility to look after their infant democracy and protect it from peril – especially Peronist and Communist peril. In fact, in the name of democracy, the *Gorillas* are quite prepared to overthrow Frondizi and install a new caretaker government which would run the country long enough to make sure that the next elections are won by a safe right-wing candidate.

The up-and-coming military group which scored the biggest triumph in the recent crisis is led by an almost unknown general called Carlos Rosas. Rosas was trained in France and is regarded by his colleagues as an intellectual. He is an admirer of both President Nasser and General Massu. He has infused new spirit into the despondent military by endorsing the concept of 'internal warfare' against infiltration and insisting that officer cadres should be well-read in economics. He is opposed to all forms of compromise with foreign imperialism of any type and regards Frondizi's surrender over the oil question as shameful. Moving further in this direction, he does not disguise his admiration for Fidel Castro. In short, a potential Peron.

When these two groups – which, together with the top uniformed brass, meet every Monday for 'consultations' at the *Casa Rosada* – reached agreement on a memorandum with suggestions for the President, their main worries were about a new Minister of War and about oil. Both disapproved of General Larcher – the Minister – and wanted to replace him, but obviously had different candidates in mind. General Rosas's group emerged victorious, and their candidate, General Rosendo Fraga, is now the new minister. About oil there were complaints that Frondizi was by-passing national interests in favour of foreign companies. This apparently left-wing complaint involved a more prosaic matter. A number of generals have joined Argentine corporations which are trying to obtain government contracts for drilling in the oil-rich Comodoro Rivadavia area. They complain that the government is giving away the juicy contracts to US companies instead of favouring national concerns. The fact is that these Argentine companies are little more than a brass plate and a fancy board of directors.

Having won a ministerial post and secured good-will from the *Gorillas* by supporting their petition for oil patronage, General Rosas then turned to the vital matter of Peronism. It is no secret that if Peron were to be allowed back and could campaign for a few weeks, he would win any election by a landslide. The worsening economic situation of the country has helped to confirm the Peronists' loyalty. It is very hard to sell the idea of democracy to a working class which has lost over 25 per

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cent of its real wages in less than two years.

The army is disturbed and impatient with the government's delay in solving what they regard as basically simple economic problems. Meanwhile, they offer to hold back discontent with the only weapon they really know how to handle – repression. There are more than 1,100 trade unionists in prison in Argentina and none of them has had the benefit of a trial. But as the shadow of Fidel Castro extends over the continent and the people of Argentina grow more restless under their sham democracy, General Carlos Rosas might very well feel that a new Nasser is needed in this hemisphere – himself.

Istanbul

Democracy on Trial

A Correspondent in Istanbul writes: Whatever his intentions are for the restoration of democracy in Turkey, General Gursel is nearly in a checkmate position. Support for the defunct National Unity Committee has never been strong in the country, and during the last few months has declined in the cities. Travelling through Turkey during the summer, I found the continued popularity of Menderes surprisingly widespread. Refusing to believe the charges of corruption, the majority of the peasants, although still illiterate and desperately poor, remembered he had given them a glimmer of a higher standard of living by the money he indiscriminately poured into the countryside.

On my return to Istanbul I found a radical change of opinion towards the regime among all sections of the people. Among the younger population there was a feeling of disenchantment. Their distrust of the continual uncertainty about the date of the trial and the possibility of free elections was heightened by what appeared to them as the trivial insistence on points of petty corruption, which they suspected was being used to blur the central problem of restoring democracy. Nor was the temporary closing of the newspaper *Havadis* for gently criticising the regime regarded as the right sort of omen. The mild and tentative economic and social reforms announced last month do not meet the demands of the radicals, and the continued commercial stagnation has produced unrest in business circles. As the chances of walking into power next summer receded for the Peoples Republican Party, their enthusiasm for the regime declined, and the Democrats, stunned by the swiftness of the coup, are beginning to make use of these trends.

Last week, however, by coming out against 14 members of the government on the question of the dismissal of the university professors and the implementation of democratic institutions, General Gursel has rallied public opinion to his side and established himself as the undisputed strongman of Turkey. But the conflict between a fairly rapid return to democracy, or a determination to pay off the huge foreign debts and to reorganise the economy in a way that will not necessarily be popular, still remains, and it is doubtful whether General Gursel can do both.

Meanwhile the trial of the Menderes Cabinet and the Democrat deputies has entered its fourth week without reaching the main charges. However, three issues are emerging. First the present regime still needs to discredit the Menderes government, for it is essential that the army should be vindicated, and its own constitutional position established, without discrediting Turkish justice. Secondly the trial appears to be playing some part in foreign policy. Turkey is on bad terms with nearly all her neighbours, most of whom were in the past part of the Sultan's empire. General Gursel's recent announcement that he is interested in economic aid from Russia indicated that Turkey is prepared to have friendlier relations with her. At the same time the charge against individual members of the Menderes government that they instigated the anti-Greek riots in Istanbul in September 1955, the most barbarous race riots in Europe since the attacks on the Jews in Nazi Germany, indicated that he would also like to establish friendlier relations with Greece. For if this charge is proved, it will be taken as a tacit apology to the Greeks. Taking into account Turkish feelings towards Greece, this is a brave move.

Although more rapid decisions may be expected from the government now that the growing deadlock has been resolved, it is unlikely that the main outline of future policy can emerge until the trial is over. In this sense the intentions of the present regime, as well as the old government, are on trial.

Cold War

The New Broom

Our Diplomatic Correspondent writes: The first hints of Senator Kennedy's intentions in the foreign policy field have been disappointing liberals. There is, indeed, a growing anxiety in liberal circles in London about the composition of the Kennedy Cabinet, and in particular about the Secretaryship of State. Until this week, it had been generally assumed that Chester Bowles would get the job, with Adlai Stevenson as a possible alternative. Now the suspicion is growing that it may go to neither – and the uncertainty was no doubt reflected in Bowles' interview with *US News and World Report*, in which he emphasised the threat from China. He also insisted that he had always opposed recognition of China, and would continue to do so. These statements have been interpreted as an attempt on Bowles's part to prove his 'fitness' and 'reliability'; they certainly contrast with an interview broadcast by BBC television last Friday, which was in fact recorded in May.

Nevertheless, in London diplomatic circles, Kennedy's election has been received as the portent of welcome changes in US foreign policy. Western chancelleries have been ransacking his speeches during the past decade, and have come up with few clues about his intentions. Here, for instance, are his *obiter dicta* on Germany: 'If you are driven out from Berlin you are driven out from Germany'; 'German reunification . . . is certainly not on the cards for many years.' Here he is on China: 'We should not now recognise Red China or agree to her admission to the UN without a genuine change in her belligerent attitude towards the world.'

On a number of points, however, he is on record as favouring change. He has stated that he will test nuclear weapons only if Russia does so first – a promise which Eisenhower always refused to make. He favours 'a great increase' in capital aid to 'Asia, Africa, the Middle East and Latin America' to close 'the dangerous gap that is now widening between our living standards and theirs.' On Algeria, he has reiterated that 'if France and the West at large are to have a continuing influence in North Africa . . . then the essential first step is the independence of Algeria.' Lastly, he is committed to drastic changes in US policy towards Latin America, in the fields of diplomacy, economic aid, technical assistance, tariffs and commodity price agreements; and he emphasised the priority he accords to this area by interrupting his holiday to receive, as his first visitors, emissaries from Janio Quadros, the President-elect of Brazil.

This may not seem much; but diplomats bolster their optimism by the following estimate of his methods of work: (1) Kennedy is exceptionally well-informed on foreign affairs; (2) he really reads dispatches and reports; (3) he regards his advisers as technicians, not policy-makers, and takes decisions himself. As one British diplomat put it to me: 'In nearly every case where America and Britain have been out of step in recent years – Suez was an exception – the facts have been on our side and the emotions on America's. We believe Kennedy will give priority to facts.'

NEXT WEEK

A Tribute to Tawney
by R. H. S. CROSSMAN

The Great Football Racket
by J. P. W. MALLALIEU

CHRISTMAS BOOKS
Many extra book pages

Oil

Preparing for War

PETER MANSFIELD *writes from Beirut:* While bombs in central Damascus, tension on the Syrian-Jordanian frontier and the exchange of insults between President Nasser and King Hussein have filled the headlines of the Middle East press, an event has occurred which is likely to prove of far greater significance than anything that has happened in the Middle East in the last decade. This is the creation of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries – already referred to in oil circles as OPEC. Set up in September after a hastily summoned conference in Baghdad to discuss the August price cuts in Middle East oil, the Organization consists of Iran, Iraq, Kuwait, Saudi Arabia and Venezuela. Qatar has now officially applied to join.

What the creation of OPEC means is that for the first time in history the oil companies may have to deal with their host governments on a collective basis. As one delegate to the Baghdad meeting put it, 'This is a cartel to confront a cartel.' Five countries, owning between 85 and 90 per cent of the total proved oil reserves in the world, have agreed to unify their policies in the future and, if necessary, to allocate shares of the oil export market between each other on a mutually agreed basis. (This is known in the industry as 'prorationing'. The shares would be allocated on a basis of reserves, current exports and population.) At present all the member states appear fiercely determined to make OPEC work and they dismiss any suggestion that any one of them will ever again take advantage of another member's difficulties or of a favourable offer from an oil company aimed at splitting them up. They

are also aware of the hostility they may arouse among consumers, and talk of holding discussions with leading consumer nations, such as India or Italy, which have no large stake in the international oil industry.

Two factors will probably decide whether OPEC will succeed. One is Soviet oil export policy. In a declaration to the second Arab Petroleum Congress in Beirut last month, Mr Gurov, Chairman of the Soviet oil export organization, attempted to show that Russia is doing no more than trying to regain its pre-war position as an oil-exporting nation. He claimed that Soviet oil was being sold at the current market price which, he said, was that of the so-called independent oil companies, although considerably lower than those of the eight big 'monopolistic international companies.' He showed no sympathy with the Middle Eastern countries' protests against price cuts and hinted strongly that if they wished to recover their losses they should milk the oil companies of more of their profits. So far the Soviets have shown no interest in OPEC and in fact Mr Gurov had apparently never even heard of it. But the members of OPEC believe that they can persuade the Soviet Union to co-operate, and in any case they firmly believe that the oil companies are deliberately making a bogey out of Soviet oil.

The other factor which will decide the future of OPEC is the amount of real sacrifice some of its members are prepared to make in order to ensure that it works. It is now virtually certain that Venezuela and Kuwait have agreed to keep their annual exports either stationary or well below the world increase in consumption. If this is so it puts a wholly new complexion on things. Iraq and Iran could carry on with at least part of their large planned increases in exports. There would be no need to introduce a formal prorationing scheme for the division of the oil export market between the producing countries.

It was agreed at Baghdad that the Middle East countries would reject the August price cuts and insist that their share of the profits be calculated on the basis of the old prices. The oil companies are almost certain to refuse, and a battle of wills will ensue in which the new unity of the oil-producing countries will for the time be severely tested.

The Law

A Flogged Subject

C. H. ROLPH *writes:* It happened that the 'no flogging' report of the Home Secretary's Advisory Committee on the Treatment of Offenders came out at a time when the political correspondents of the newspapers were genuinely hard up for a front-page subject, and when a Criminal Justice Bill dealing with young offenders was about to be debated in the Commons. Despite an appreciably more liberal House of Commons than its predecessor, the stage was thus set for a phoney 'back-bench Tory revolt.' Mr Butler, however, has nothing to fear. Every inquiry into this strong British appetite for beating prisoners ('the subject of adverse comment abroad,' remarks the report) comes to the same conclusion: the Cadogan Committee of 1937, the Home Office Research Unit's special inquiry in 1950, and now this permanent committee of persons selected because their knowledge and experience, as magistrates, lawyers, policemen and criminologists, uniquely qualify them to advise the government on penal matters. These are not 'left-wing' organisations: their political bias is almost certainly the other way. When this committee began its inquiry, some of its members were in favour (and the report acknowledges this) of reintroducing corporal punishment for 'hooliganism,' but the committee now declares unanimously that this 'would mean putting the clock back not 12 years but 100 years.' The committee are probably right in rejecting the statistical evidence, which they found 'freely quoted by both sides,' and also in their view that 'issues of penal policy should not be settled on the basis of statistics alone.'

Small Change

A Special Correspondent writes: Apart from some tinkering with the 'permitted hours', welcome because it is a step, however timid, in the right direction, the Licensing Bill's real aim seems to be the control of the 'bogus clubs'. For this purpose it revives and rather strengthens the kind of procedure set up by the Defence Regulations, making the grant of an annual 'certificate of registration' open to opposition by the neighbours, by the local authority, and by the police. It is especially interesting that the grounds on which a registration (or its renewal) can be opposed, which re-enact the war-time ones about unsuitable premises, letting in visitors, and not having at least 25 members, will now include 'habitual use for an unlawful purpose', which *might* bring a strip-tease club within the grasp of the Common Law on disorderly houses, 'or for indecent displays', which is a brand new provision. But the Bill makes no attack on the 'near-beer' clip-joints, or the markedly unclub-like clubs from which you have to send outside for your drinks.

It will be tidier, at 'closing time', to have a lawful drinking-up period substituted for the clandestine gulping-down extension, and less embarrassing that one's guest in a hotel can share one's privilege of drinking at any hour. But the proposal to allow 'local option' as to Sunday opening in Wales and Monmouthshire can be justified, as can any other local option device, only where there is a reasonable likelihood that all localities would opt for the same thing, which is not the situation in Wales. It is, for instance, likely that the four county boroughs of Newport, Cardiff, Swansea and Merthyr will elect to go 'wet'. The counties of Glamorgan, Monmouth, Pembroke, Brecon, Flint, Radnor and, probably, Carmarthen would follow suit. The 'dry' counties are likely to be Caernarvon, Cardigan, Merioneth, Denbigh, possibly Anglesey, with Montgomery doubtful.

Already there have been, outside brewing and public house circles, powerful attacks on the fission within Wales which this analysis suggests. Not, in fact, since Wales last played England at Cardiff Arms Park has such normally fragmented Welsh opinion been so united. From the Archbishop of Wales through Labour MPs to the Nationalist Party and the chapels, there has been a variety of powerful criticism of this aspect of the proposals. But on the central question of whether the pubs should be open on the Sabbath, opinion divides equally powerfully. No one who remembers the skilful and passionate campaign the chapels conducted in Swansea a decade ago on the less sinful issue of Sunday cinemas – they lost narrowly in the referendum – can expect anything but a bitter fight. At that time a minister expressed the opinion that the town had better be destroyed by Hitler's bombs than have picture houses open on the Sabbath.

Westminster

House on Trial

J. P. W. MALLALIEU *writes:* After the long years in which he has drily pattered out the decisions of the Foreign Office to the House of Commons, it might seem to be laying it on rather thick to add that Mr Selwyn Lloyd actually *looks* like a parrot; but, in fact, he does look like a parrot. That tilted beak, those eyes, staring with meaningless intensity and then suddenly hooded – one feels that if only his Parliamentary Private Secretary would tickle the back of his neck for him, his feathers would automatically ruffle. Indeed they did seem to ruffle on Tuesday when the opposition, brilliantly led by Harold Wilson and Hugh Gaitskell, backed by a variety of backbenchers, including Mr Martin Lindsay on the government side, poked sticks into his cage about Fords.

Lloyd had not then received any formal application from Fords about the sale of its shares to America. So, reasonably enough, he would make no statement; but he was then asked to promise that before he made any decision he would consult the House of Commons – and this point had not been included in his Treasury brief. So he used the word which he learned first and which is most likely to be approved by the Treasury – no. At that the House exploded. We are used by now to hearing of decisions when they have already been taken, as often as not in Washington. On such matters as nuclear weapons and Polaris bases the House seems almost to know that the real power is elsewhere. But Fords was too much. The realisation, heavily underlined by the experiences of recent weeks, that full employment in the country is geared to full employment in the motor industry, made the whole House flinch from allowing half that industry to slide into American hands.

Whether or not we are to have government by City instead of by parliament, there were City echoes even in the debate about increased pensions. Mr John Boyd-Carpenter is no parrot. He is more like a popinjay; and he is a highly skilled professional politician. He scorns to learn a lesson by heart or merely to recite briefs prepared for him by his ministry. Instead he finds out what his party's policy is, masters it and then easily convinces himself that he believes in it. He then expounds it with clarity or deliberate obscurity, according to the political needs of the moment. Timing his bill to coincide with the little general election, he made the advantages shine like stars and kept the disadvantages as cloudy as the by-election issues in Bolton – the disadvantage being that the increases, too little and too late, as the Tory Mr Percy Browne called them, are to be financed mainly by a poll tax, which falls most hardly on those with lower incomes. Boyd-Carpenter has shifted the burden of hundreds of millions of pounds, which otherwise would have fallen on the Treasury, onto the shoulders of contributors. This prompted Mr Douglas Houghton to say that the operation would be 'the envy of every slick operator in the City', a compliment which seemed genuinely to delight his opponent.

Boyd-Carpenter showed skill. Houghton showed skill, feeling and imagination. He was as pleased as anyone that current pension

rates were to be raised; but he said openly what everyone else has known privately for years – that our conception of retirement pensions and sickness benefits is wrong. Nobody can live even on the new rates. We still accept retirement into pauperism for millions of people. These payments should in the future be related to the standard of living of those who are still working. Half pay on retirement and in periods of prolonged sickness was the minimum standard to aim at. Houghton was not prepared to abandon the contributory basis of the scheme but he did urge that the present trend should be reversed and that a greater proportion should be financed out of taxation and a lesser out of contributions. 'Don't be afraid of the people,' he told the Minister. 'They're not as selfish as you think!'

Fleet Street

The Chronicle Carve-up

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes:* Apart from the *Daily Mail*, which still has the bulk of ex-*News Chronicle* readers, although whether from inertia or positive engagement is too early yet to say, the papers which have so far benefited most from the absence of the *News Chronicle* on the news-stands are the *Daily Express*, the *Daily Herald* and the *Guardian* in that order. How the final harvest will turn out it is hard to say. Newspapers succeed by personality and the *Mail's* attempt to absorb enough of the *News Chronicle* to hold on to several hundreds of thousands of its readers has not yet wholly come off, although it may in the end. There is already some scattered evidence that some of the *Mail's* old readers don't much like their new in-laws. They found it more attractive single. Some of them may turn to the *Telegraph* – some indeed have already done so – and it is a nice question how far profits on the roundabouts will outbalance losses on the swings.

Of the others the *Express* collected about 100,000 *News Chronicle* readers bang off and is still getting them. The *Herald* got about half that number and more are expected as a result of the package deal by which it signed on a group of the *News Chronicle's* better-known writers. The *Guardian* got about 40,000 to which it has added a further 2,000 to 3,000 since. It is also pleasant to know that a number of the better provincial dailies like the *Yorkshire Post* have also benefited – a good proportion of *News Chronicle* readership was in the North – and before the most spectacular of the marriages to which Bouverie Street was so prone, the *Chronicle* half used itself to print in Leeds. If the *News Chronicle's* misfortune brings fresh strength to the provincial morning press its death will have left some gain.

Meanwhile most, although not all, the *News Chronicle* reporting staff has, I am glad to say, found other occupation – not always in Fleet Street. But a fair number of sub-editors are still looking for work, and so are a good many ex-*Star* people. On the whole Fleet Street has rallied round well, as it usually does at such times of crisis. Most papers have taken on new staff to the limit of their capacity and in some cases people who hung on at the *News Chronicle* out of loyalty seem likely to find an outlet for talents the *News Chronicle* just did not know what to do with in its sad, declining years.

The *Express* has absorbed the new influx of readers in its stride: it is too sure of itself to alter its ways whatever new customers come along. But for both the *Herald* and the *Guardian* it would have been better if the *News Chronicle* had died hereafter. Indeed if Mr Laurence Cadbury had only been willing to consider a merger with the *Herald*, Odhams would, I understand, have been quite glad to underwrite the *News Chronicle's* losses as an independent entity for another six months or so in order to have the marriage solemnized at a time appropriate to the *Herald's* editorial reorganisation. The *Herald* would then have been in better shape immediately to attract and hold *News Chronicle* readers and without the problems of personality that beset the *Mail*, since it has, anyway, to find a new personality for itself as an independent instead of official paper of the Left.

The problems of the *Guardian* are of a somewhat different order. It would naturally have preferred an influx of new readers when its plans for printing in London as well as Manchester are complete – which will not be until autumn of next year. Until then it has serious problems of distribution in the South – especially outside the central London area. Unless these can be solved – and plans are being urgently considered – the *Guardian* may find itself gaining new readers only to lose them again because of late delivery, or because the edition that comes into a good many readers' hands is too early to stand up to the competition of London-produced papers. Readers won and then lost for such reasons may be difficult to win back later. But over and above this the *Guardian* has another problem. Unlike the popular papers for whom success is measured in size of total sales, the *Guardian*, as a quality paper, is anxious, for good commercial and editorial reasons, not to increase its circulation too quickly or too much. Prior to the death of the *News Chronicle* it was selling around 200,000 copies a day. Another 42,000 or so on top of that represents a very big percentage increase indeed.

On its present quality sale its advertising rate per single-column inch per thousand readers (the measuring rod advertising agents apply) is a little more than two-thirds that of *The Times* and well above that of any other newspaper. This rate is based on the quality, meaning influence and spending power, of many of its readers (45 per cent are in the A/B Class) and on its institutional readership. It has the further advantage that not only are a considerable number of its readers comfortably off, but many are young. A much higher percentage of its readers are under thirty-five than is the case with any other of the national dailies except the *Sketch* and the *Mirror*, which appeal to an entirely different market. They have therefore a long buying life ahead of them. Too rapid an expansion (and dilution) of its readership could, therefore, well do the *Guardian* commercial harm.

An increase in circulation which much altered the present relation of A/B readers to the whole, or young to old, might mean a sharp rise in production costs – for newsprint alone it could be enormous – without an adequately compensating advantage in either increased advertising or higher rates.

West Africa after Independence

BASIL DAVIDSON

Much has happened or begun to happen in West Africa this year. The outside world has put the accent on the winning of political independence by a large number of peoples. And certainly the list is impressive: self-government in more or less complete degree has come to every part of Africa between the Atlantic and the Congo but for the long thin strip of the Gambia and the squalid enclaves of Portugal and Spain. One or two of these lands, and notably the (French) Niger, still have local governments with little more than puppet status; others have yet to acquire the title deeds of political sovereignty; but most of them, from Chad to Senegal, have said farewell to colonial rule.

Yet this consummation is not, I think, the most important event of 1960 in West Africa. Political independence was already a settled thing for a majority of these peoples: either it had arrived or it would come in the near future. They knew it. The colonial Powers knew it. By 1959 the issue had resolved itself into one of little more than date. But this year, which became 'the date' for so many almost-independent countries, has also seen the beginning of a new development – the effort towards *economic* independence. And it is in this, going hand-in-hand with a vigorous determination to stand 'uncommitted' and thus keep the Cold War out of Africa, that the most far-reaching initiatives of 1960 will be found.

This is where the African earth really seems to shake beneath tradition's feet. Who would have thought, 12 years ago or even two, that the 'foundations of the West' could so easily absorb the shock of manifest and active Soviet presence in West Africa? Who could have believed that a large part of the job of ferrying Ghana's military supplies and troops between Accra and an African country in travail would be confided to Soviet crews in Soviet aircraft – unless Ghana had 'gone Communist', called the Cold War into Africa, and sent the newspapers of the Nato world into screaming hysteria?

Well . . . just over there on Accra's tarmac there stand three of the five Ilyushins that do the ferry job for Ghana (with Ghana paying only for the petrol); and so little have the foundations of the West appeared to tremble that American bankers may at last be on the point of lending cheap millions for the Volta Dam and its associated industrial development. The two halves of the world need not, it seems, prove fissile and explode when brought suddenly together: on the contrary, they can be made to rub along pretty well.

Ghana's welcome for help from the Communist as well as the capitalist world should be seen as more than a political gambit by Nkrumah and his 'new guard.' It is partly a political gambit, of course: nobody need tell a West African today how much he has to gain from playing off the two ends of the world against the middle. But it is also a matter of political principle – that to side with one end of the world against the other would be to engulf Africa in all the penalties and paralysis of the Cold War. Besides, it goes together with a realisation that political sovereignty may be worth little without economic independence, and to that extent reflects the Socialist ideas that have helped to form so many of Ghana's leading nationalists.

This new trend may be surprising. It is certainly encouraging. There had always been the question whether Ghana's leaders, having achieved a comfortable political elbow-room,

would prove capable of leading their country out of the colonial economy on which, basically, it still lives. They had talked of storming the bastions of industrial technique; but the talk looked like getting nowhere. They had planned; but would their plans ever go beyond the paper stage? The younger men had formed Socialist study-groups; but would theory turn into practice?

The answers in 1960, and from varying motives, seem to be affirmative. Partly from a growing conviction that Ghana can maintain its forward movement only if the economic structure of the country is radically remoulded. Partly from the remarkable success of Guinea, pulling itself up by its own bootstraps from an economic position far less favourable than Ghana's ever was. Partly, too, from necessity. This necessity has taken several forms. One of these has been the miserable failure of local businessmen to transform themselves into a capitalist class capable of founding industries and running them.

'It's wrong to think you can mobilise capital through our traders,' commented one of Nkrumah's ministers on this point; 'that isn't the way they like to live'. Said another: 'We have spent a lot of time and wasted a lot of money in trying to get our capitalists to go into industry, and what happens? Nasty messes, or nothing at all.' The conclusion is that Ghana's traders, left to go their own sweet way, will never be more than middlemen making profits (but not investing them usefully) through partnership with western firms. China, it is remarked, had much the same experience: the compradors of the China Coast failed almost as dismally to become the sort of capitalist class on which any kind of Chinese independence could be built.

Another and sharper aspect of necessity appeared last August. Some 2,000 previously docile workers in the Accra region suddenly came out on the biggest (if very brief) labour demonstration the country had known. They marched towards parliament with what were evidently fell intentions on the President's graven image. They mobbed a car in which Krobo Edusei (no chicken of a politician) arrived to turn them back. Only torrential rain seems to have dissuaded them from committing various offences. Yet the warning was severe; and it spoke of economic disarray. 'Workers', declared a trade union statement at this time, 'do not see any reason for the increase of salaries of MPs while the ordinary man should be denied his fair share . . . ' Caught off balance, ministers found no easy answer. In the end they agreed to some wage concessions. They also clapped a swingeing censorship on the Opposition's *Ashanti Pioneer*, which had gleefully supported the wages agitation as well as denigrating the efforts of Ghana in the Congo.

Yet new policies were in fact already on the way. Botsio sketched them to parliament at the beginning of September. Ghana's economy would be remoulded and expanded on a new foundation. There would be four sectors. First, a purely state sector for large industrial enterprise. Second, a state-private sector for enterprises owned jointly by government and private business. Third, a co-operative sector in which all producer and marketing co-operatives, present or to come (mostly to come), would be controlled by a central co-operative council responsible to the government. Fourth, a purely private sector open to 'foreign private enterprise'. The government, in short, pledged themselves to get on with the job of developing Ghana in the only way that was really open to them; through the agencies of state investment, central control, and producer co-operation.

How fast and far this shift towards a sounder and more expandable economic structure will go must depend on factors of drive and efficiency that elude any precise estimate at this time. It will obviously be difficult to promote co-operation among a comparatively well-off petty-bourgeoisie of cocoa farmers. It may be still more difficult to transform Ghanaian traders into partners with each other or the state. And, to be fair, the men who govern Ghana do not suppose these advances will be easily or soon achieved. They are simply feeling their way towards a reorganised and more effective use of Ghana's own resources.

The main point of their conviction is that there is now an unavoidable choice between relative stagnation – with the history of Latin America a dire example before their eyes – and genuine structural change. Ghana can either wander along as a more or less backward country, disturbed increasingly by sectional eruptions; or else it must buckle down to the delicate and problematic task of building a new economy. Failure to carry through this task, moreover, must mean a rapid end to Ghana's chance – Africa's chance – of finding and defending 'uncommitted ground' in the Cold War. Yet without this neutral ground there can equally be little or no chance for Africa (with a highly capitalist West breathing down its neck) to find new solutions – solutions which largely cannot, in the nature of things, be capitalist. And so the argument is complete.

Now if convictions of this kind were limited to Ghana one might reasonably write them off as interesting but not yet 'West African'. The fact is that others are thinking along the same lines. Vague and confused in many countries, these thoughts become clear in two of Ghana's near-neighbours – Guinea and Mali.

* * *

It is more than eight years since I was last in Bamako, thriving railhead on the upper Niger and capital of the Republic of Mali which the map, until lately, called the French Sudan. On that occasion I incurred no mean rebuke from Bamako's French police chief for the solecism of visiting Abdoulaye Diallou, a trade union leader, and Mamadou Konaté, a Sudanese nationalist member of the French Assembly and a leader of the *Rassemblement Démocratique Africaine*. That Frenchman pointed down those dusty streets through which I had tramped on my interviews of exploration and disgustedly shook his finger at me. 'These men are unimportant. They will only mislead you'.

The boot is now on the other foot. This year Abdoulaye Diallou is Guinea's Resident Minister in Ghana; one of Bamako's finest avenues is named after the late Mamadou Konaté, whose death two years ago robbed this country of an outstanding leader; and the Sudan is independent. By the end of October the sundown scene in the lounge of the Grand Hotel was offering some remarkable evidence of the change. Gathered on one side of the lounge were the members of an American economic mission: clustered opposite were members of a Soviet economic mission: round about were Czechoslovaks and Ghanaians and others whose identity I never managed to get clear. Day after day the local newspaper would tot up the score: this project for development to be allocated to the Americans, that one to the Soviets – while ministers rushed from one meeting to the next, waving papers and fending off questions.

In the last two years the whole framework of French colonial control in West Africa has fallen apart: all the territories, in ones or twos, have slithered by now into varying degrees of political independence. But Guinea was, and has remained, the pace-maker. There is nothing more interesting in Africa, I should think, than the single-minded skill and determination with which the men who govern this exceptionally poor and undeveloped country are channelling its energies into constructive growth. I could spend only a few days in Conakry this year as compared with as many weeks in the interior 20 months ago; but the solid impression was still one of successful step-by-step achievement.

Something of the texture of this can be glimpsed in the new three-year economic plan. There is nothing grandiose about it. The government (and the party, for the two are really co-terminous) will promote co-operatives. They will start some secondary industry – a sawmill and a shoe factory and a cement plant. They will welcome foreign enterprise provided that it builds the heavy industry which Guinea needs, and shares the profits. They will continue to accept help from all sides (and both sides by the way, continue to offer it) provided that it does not drag the Cold War in its wake.

Superficially, Conakry wears a depressing face. Most of the smart shopkeepers have gone. A good French bookshop was selling off the last of its stock, its window fly-blown and almost void. All imports and exports are controlled by a state *comptoir;* another *comptoir* regulates the bulk of urban trading. Life is far from easy for the city-dweller who reckons to be comfortable; but then he and she, of course, count for less than one tenth of one per cent of the population. The real effort is going into basic change – into more primary schooling, an attack on adult illiteracy, the building of secondary schools and colleges of higher learning, more railways: above all, into the improvement and reorganisation of farming and stock-breeding.

The targets are low, but real. One immediate aim is to found state farms in the broad plains of Upper Guinea which could produce 20,000 tons of rice a year (the quantity of Guinea's present imports) and offer practical training to peasants who, it is hoped, will soon begin joining producer co-operatives. Another aim, characteristically down-to-earth, is to establish 'rural modernisation centres' in each of the country's 28 regions, equipping these with simple machinery, seed-nurseries, plant laboratories, agronomists. Guinea's three-year budget may total no more

This England

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A Prime Minister Remembers

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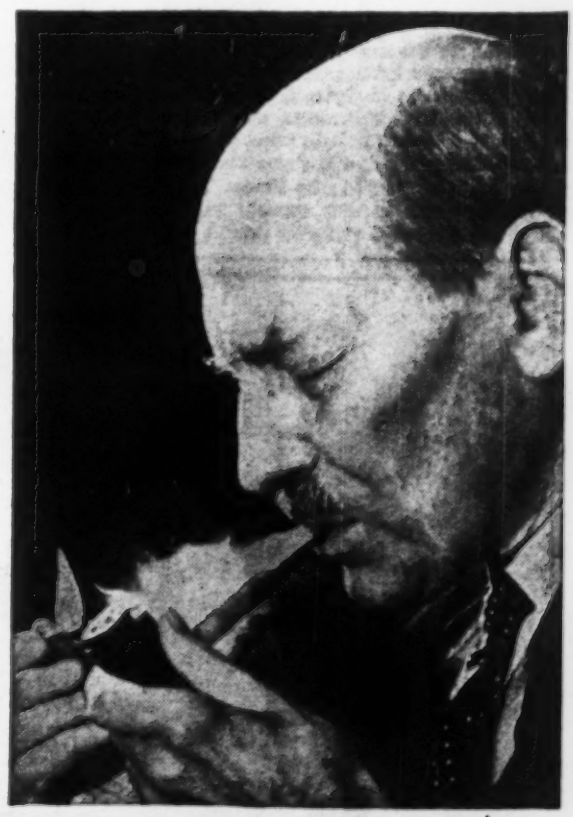


THE SUNDAY TIMES

than £60 millions; yet there is every sign, at the moment, that this small lever will shift a large weight of ignorance and inertia.

For Guinea's neighbours, even for those who would rather not say so, these plans and achievements do not fail to make their point. Here, at any rate, one may see that there is after all a possible – and African – alternative to the snail-slow progress of a colonial economy. Guinea's leaders are awarded due credit for this powerful demonstration. Backhandedly, the French deserve some too. For reasons that are hard to understand except as sheer miscalculation, the authorities in Paris have repeatedly pushed Guinea along the road to disaster or – and this is how it has turned out – to something like a revolution.

It is said, for example, that deliberate French withdrawal of colonial francs from Guinea had reached the point last summer when only 12 milliards were left in the country out of a normal circulation of about 52 milliards. But faced with the calamity of a deflationary crisis, Guinea hit back by creating a money of its own; and, in doing so successfully took another long step towards economic sovereignty. A recent French ban on French trade with Guinea has resulted in Guinea's finding other markets.

These events have had their biggest impact on Mali (ex-French Sudan), Guinea's neighbour in the distant Niger plains and a country with much the same problems and social structure. In 1958 the nationalists of the Sudan wanted to campaign for political independence, but were not strong enough to do so. In the event they won their independence by way of the Mali Federation. They used 1959 to complete the Africanisation of the country's administrative system, to deprive chiefs nominated by the French of their political power, and to assure themselves of majority support for their party, the *Union Soudanaise*. By the summer they were pushing along the same lines as Guinea.

But ruling ideas in Senegal, the Sudan's partner in the Mali Federation, were meanwhile quite different. Run by men who are well adjusted to the special status that their country has long enjoyed with France, Senegal has no great impetus towards radical change. By the middle of this year it was plain that compromise was no longer possible. Now that the break has come, both sides sigh ostentatiously with relief – in the Sudan, indeed, with a good deal more than relief. 'If the Federation had continued,' commented the mayor of Mopti, a town far down the remote northern bend of the Niger, 'the Sudan was finished.' Reacting in this way, the government in Bamako shows no sign of wanting to reopen the railway with Senegal, but is pressing on with plans to use foreign aid for building railway links with the ports of Guinea and the Ivory Coast.

* * *

These few impressions leave much unsaid. But I think they say the essential: that West Africa is beginning to face the real problems of its future. Ideas in circulation – or even, here and there, in practice – are likely to become increasingly meaningful to countries whose greatest problems are much the same. Above all, perhaps, they will be found to have their biggest influence on Nigeria – a federation of enormous potential wealth that is now entering into its own, without the shadow of an economic plan, but with a mere scatter of economic projects which make little or no coherent sense. How otherwise than by remoulding its economy can Nigeria realise its incomparable riches?

It may even be that these ideas of economic change will overleap the new frontiers in another sense. They raise the question, for example, of whether it is sensible for Nigeria and her neighbours to leave the development of Nigeria's iron-ore and oil and hydro-electric power – all of them abundant and potentially among the cheapest that any part of Africa could produce – to a purely Nigerian or foreign effort. Why not an inter-African effort? Where is the sense in refining only enough of Nigeria's huge petrol deposits to cover the *present* requirements of Nigeria? Throughout the whole of West Africa it is only in Nigeria that coal and iron-ore occur together; and they are both abundant. Why build a rolling mill and smelter which are likely, on existing plans, to be large enough only for Nigeria's immediate needs?

It remains to be seen. Meanwhile, West Africa is once again on the move.

'You see, the deterrent works . . . !'

London Diary

MAURICE RICHARDSON

'If you ask me,' said the old lag with whom I was discussing, rather abortively, penal reform, 'some of these modern young tearaways are so downright nutty they simply want to be topped.' This from him was a radical opinion. His generation in the underworld is apt to be as rigid as the Tory back bench. Certainly one would have thought the evidence that capital punishment, and in particular the hanging of very young men, is not altogether successful as a deterrent had received some fairly solid reinforcement of late. In view of last week's executions, it is all the more encouraging to read the decisive terms in which the Home Secretary's Advisory Council on the Treatment of Offenders has rejected the birch. Unfortunately Mr Butler's advisers on the gallows in the past have included some unexpectedly stiff-necked retainers, especially, I understand, in the psychiatric department.

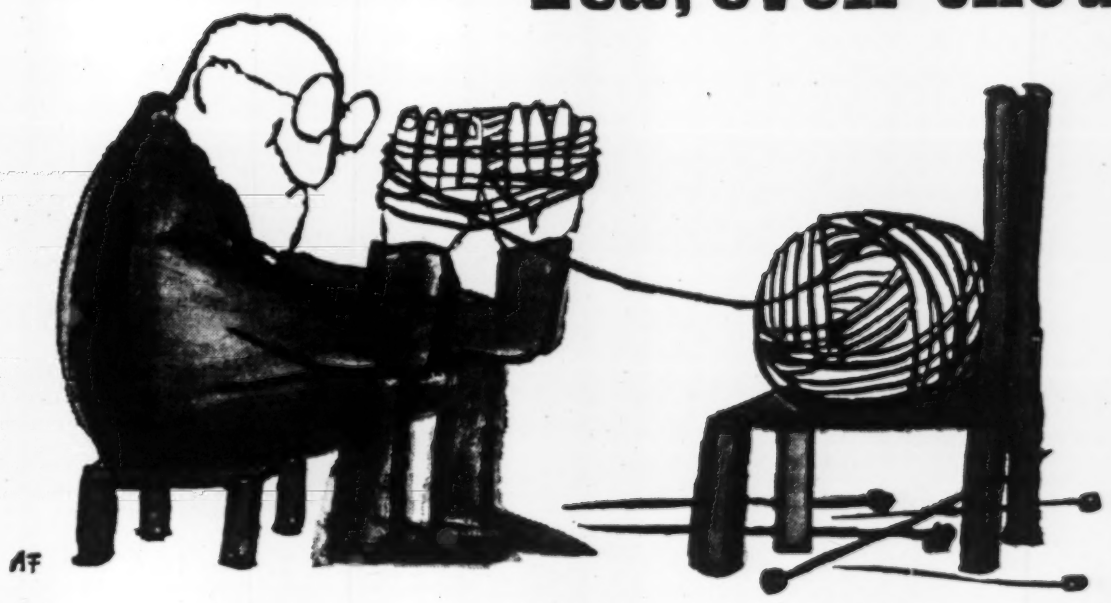
* * *

This time my temporary loss of faith in human folly seems to have been justified. But Kennedy's victory turning out to be such a near thing only makes me feel all the more relieved. If 30 million or so US citizens could be induced to vote for Nixon it shows how much the rest, and ourselves, need protection. My own antipathy to the Nixon aura was so strong I could never begin to appreciate the argument that because of his very personal weakness he might be the less dangerous of the two. Among certain staunch rationalists I encountered the idea that it is unsafe to have a Catholic president because he may not be so chary of pressing the button as one who cannot convince himself that, after a *mauvais quart d'heure* in a celestial law court, he will spend eternity at an infinite house party. This line is too naive; it leaves out of account the truly alarming fact that no man really accepts the idea of his own extinction. I suggest we derive such psychosomatic comfort as we can from the thought that an apparently integrated person, such as Kennedy appears to be, is a better global bet than Nixon, whose nervous, anxiety-stricken, ad-man's temperament might break out in some catastrophic slip of the forefinger.

* * *

There have been so many travesties of Sherlock Holmes on film that the idea of a projected musical scarcely shocks. But Wolf Mankowitz will have to inject some extra romance along with the cocaine into the Baker Street ambience – unless he is going to rely entirely on Watson's amorous disposition. Holmes was a confirmed bachelor. Almost the only woman he showed any interest in was the dashing adventuress, Irene Adler, in *A Scandal In Bohemia*. There was perhaps a hint of tendresse for the high-born lady who emptied her revolver into the shirt-front of Augustus Milverton, the society blackmailer. Otherwise he was totally celibate in thought, word and deed. It has been suggested that his precise knowledge in *Silver Blaze* of where the stable boy slept might be open to misconstruction, but I would not attach any significance to this; certainly there was never a breath of scandal concerning the Baker Street Irregulars. It was Desmond MacCarthy who used to observe that Holmes was not really a character so much as a bundle of properties. This

Yea, even thou



You, too, can have body like mine. (*Oh, bliss.*) You too can stop blushing,
dominate women, sway crowds, smell fragrant, play piano both hands. *Oh rapture!*

You too can compute transfer functions . . .

Oh no! Oh horror! Like holding ghostly wool. Like meeting talking dog.
Like shooting albatross. Oh mystery. Oh despair.

Peace, simple one. Heed. Hearken. Even latest machines (new, clean, unknowable)
need minding. By Old Bill, moustache, oilcan? No longer. By pretty girl? Not now.
Servo controls! Black Boxes! Black Box says "Go", machine goes. But . . .

Machines sometimes moody, pig-headed, rebarbative, mad. (*Oh grief!*)
Black Box says "Go". Machine sneers. Goes too far, too fast, too little, too late,
too long, grinds teeth, vomits fire, explodes. (*Oh ruin!*) How control? How calculate?
How foresee multi-millio split fractions of centigrade inch/seconds that matter?
(*Oh karma. How?*)

Wayne Kerr Equipment for Servo-System Analysis! For mechanical, electrical,
electronic systems. For mixed systems. For You. Click, measures transfer functions!
Click, extracts equation roots! Subdues sixth-order denominators (click).
Laughs at quartic factors (Ha ha).

Ho ho! You frenzied industrialist . . . you, fraught technician . . .
you too can measure transfer functions, equalize same, solve roots, transduce,
sleep sound o' nights. You too can detect statistical error . . .
generate random functions . . . Oh glorious. Yea. oh yea!

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was because he was modelled on two very diverse persons. One, of course, was Doyle's old teacher, Dr Joseph Bell, who supplied the deductive method. The other, who provided the zestful eccentricity and the intellectual arrogance, was that fantastic case of hypomania, Dr Budd, with whom Doyle was for a short time partner in a lunatic high-pressure practice in Bristol. He gave a splendid account of it in a little-known early book, *The Stark-Munro Letters*. Budd, as Hesketh Pearson points out, was to haunt Doyle and inspire several of his characters. You find him almost *au naturel* in Professor Challenger. No cosy corner of 19th-century boyhood literature can be safe from the musicalisers now. Not even *Tom Brown's Schooldays;* this could be smartened up with a suggestion of *vice anglaise* and Tory floggings: 'I've got a whipping in the morning! Get me to the birch on time!'

★ ★ ★

I too have been doing my bit of amateur anthropological field work, collecting post-Old Bailey Chatterley reactions. It has taken the form of some indirect interrogation and eavesdropping among assorted saloon-bar flies, mainly hearty fellows, some pleasant enough. In every case so far investigated the more salacious the type, the more inveterate a dirty-story teller, the sharper the shock expressed at the verdict. I think that if I had the time to sample the professional smut-hounds, the strip-tease clubbers and the pornographic booksellers, I should have got the same results. This is one of those cases where you find the angels on one side while, for a variety of reasons, the apes line up with the Archbishop – the Primate and his primates. The oddest individual case I encountered was of a sales rep. who seemed to feel that there was a danger of the Anglo-Saxon swear words being robbed of their mana and of himself being deprived of something. I assured him that this would not happen for a long time. There are, of course, special periods and occasions when alternatives to either obscene or blasphemous swearing present themselves. Politics, especially in Germany during the Thirties, produced its own type of abuse, one that made use of the adjectival noun: Hitler-filth; Marx-dog. I don't know what new type of oath the Sixties might produce. Some status-symbol-conscious curse, perhaps: 'A Golders Green on you, you Never-never Viewer you!' 'I Penge on your semi-detached!' Insufficiently emotive, perhaps?

★ ★ ★

I wish the Marylebone public library's admirable exhibition of Corvoniana had been more publicised. It had been organised by Cecil Woolf for Corvo-Rolfe's centenary. The MSS. were the attraction. (There ought really to have been samples of Corvo's smoking mixture for the huge fat cigarettes which he rolled himself. I should like to have seen the patent exerciser, something like a rack, which Bainbridge, who once shared rooms with him in London during his ascetic period, described to me.) The insults in that beautiful Gothic upright handwriting were weathering well. Publishers came in for plenty of Rolfe's abuse but he kept his choicest vituperations for his friends. The late Professor Dawkins, who tried to take him on a little tour of Italy, got labelled 'the blubber-lipped professor of Greek' for his pains. Dawkins once showed me his last and final communication from Corvo, a postcard containing two words: *Bitterest Execrations!* What a testy centenarian poor Rolfe would have made! I know one or two public libraries that seem to be haunted by ghostly affinities of his. They come in early out of the rain, poor old things, tattered overcoats flapping like vultures' wings, swoop down on the newspaper racks and carry off whole piles to remote corners. Once I saw two of them fighting over possession of the *Financial Times*. Imaginary speculations, I should think. Neither looked as if he had a penny.

★ ★ ★

Just about now, when the blue evenings start turning black and bitter, season of chilblains and the opening winter cliché bombardment of the Lord Mayor's Banquet, my thoughts turn towards Tahiti. I know the island fairly well from books. But now the time has come to banish it from one's escapist fantasies. The administration of French Oceania has decided to go all out for the tourist trade. Work has begun on a 12,000-ft long airstrip that will take jets. It should be open by next May. Five airlines will be ferrying tourists who are expected to be landing on the island at the rate of 1,000 a week by 1965. The nearest I shall ever get to the South Seas remains the Cinerama in Old Compton Street. I had an acute experience of the force of the illusion here the other day when, as the camera-carrying plane swooped down on the lagoon a child was airsick over my mackintosh.

★ ★ ★

The last time I saw Gilbert Harding was in his favourite stamping-ground in Brighton. In the space of ten minutes he told half a dozen stories each of which was about somebody doing a good turn to somebody else. This obsession with kindness may have had its obverse side, but it was characteristic and genuinely endearing. He got a good deal of satisfaction from his apotheosis as an electronic Dr Johnson; but he was only happy for a limited part of each day.

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Mr. Neville Thornhill, of Weston-road, Enfield, told Enfield magistrates to-day that he chased and caught a man breaking into his house — then had to borrow fourpence from him before he could telephone for the police. — *Evening News* (P. M. Horsey.).

Twenty-seven cats are now enjoying their third day as sole possessors of a house in Radstock Road, Reading. Their owners were evicted on Thursday leaving them behind.

Solicitors acting for the landlord were warned that to turn the cats out would be an offence under the Abandonment of Animals Act, 1960 — *Daily Telegraph*. (Leon Gordon).

In our view to make Lady C and her experiences generally available at this time is an equivalent to expecting the Congolese to govern themselves democratically before they have been sufficiently instructed. — *Hertfordshire Mercury*. (E. Piggott).

The witnesses called for the defence were utterly weak in representatives of normal people. I do not regard writers generally as healthy citizens, and I fail to see how, being in the business, their evidences could have been other than coloured. — Letter in *Walthamstow Guardian*. (E. N. Lambert).

CRITIC *is now visiting Nigeria and Ghana. He will resume his Diary early in December.*

Politics in Ebbw Vale

W. JOHN MORGAN

Inevitably the Ebbw Vale by-election could not match the antics and excitements which preceded Michael Foot's nomination. But, for all that, it was impossible to move through the dark streets of Ebbw or Tredegar's wide, 18th-century thoroughfare, or to look beyond the 120-year-old slum cottages of Carno Pit Row in Rhymney at the most devastated and bleak landscape in Britain, without being touched by the curiosities of the campaign. Of all its ironies the most moving, on the political level, was that it should apparently have been dominated by the dissensions in the Labour Party, when its cause was the death of the one man who, by this time, might have put an end to those dissensions. On a personal level, the irony was that the Labour candidate should be the great dead man's friend.

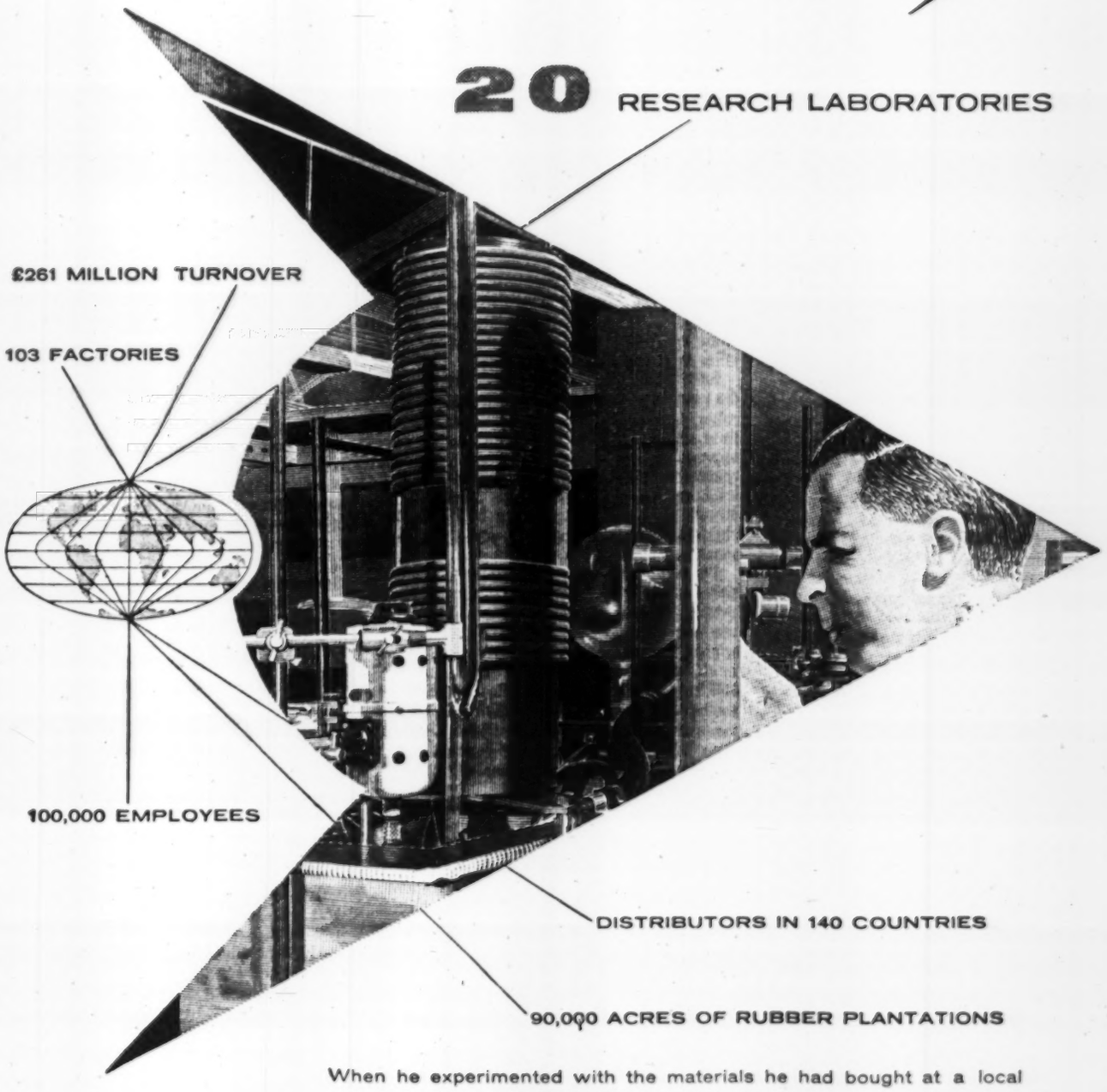
There were lesser ironies. For example, the result will not make it possible to decide how far the present struggle over defence in the Labour Party is reflected in the country, nor make it possible to use Ebbw Vale as a yardstick, because Labour, Liberal and Welsh Nationalist candidates, all three, were unilateralist. The Tory was just a Tory. And as if this were not enough untidiness, even the Clause Four quarrel could scarcely be resolved since there exists in the constituency, dominating both economic life and the air everyone breathes, the one major steel company still nationalised: Richard Thomas and Baldwins. In the rolling mill and melting shop on the bed of the steep valley, the workers are nearly all for nationalisation. They, at least, remain unimpressed by the steelmasters' propaganda.

The final curiosity has been the rain. All political conversation, with reason, began with a searching analysis of the weather. Candidates and canvassers in the streets looked as forlorn as the wild ponies and sheep that slouched along the pavements. The crowd at the rugby match, the Labour candidate among them, could not see the play for rain. This, I was assured, had never happened before in living memory. In the Welsh Nationalist office (above the door a local cinema advertised, a little tactlessly, a film called *Lure of the Wilderness*), the electric fires hissed as the sodden party workers shook themselves. In itself, day after day, sometimes black with pit and furnace dust, the rain was enough to dampen political ardour; and so, in spite of some large meetings, it did the public's although not, creditably, the candidates'.

Not for 30 years had the people of Ebbw Vale seen so many politicians, been so assiduously or amiably solicited. From the experience (and regarding their recent member as a man apart), they could easily have formed an over-favourable impression of the breed. Michael Foot, whose television image, I gathered, they found strident, won friends and influenced people every time he opened a conversation, being *so* different from the wild man they'd expected. Patrick Lort-Philips, being a handsome and friendly man struggling with a small organisation, had a friendly reception everywhere. The Welsh would never dream of hurting any man's feelings.

The Welsh Nationalist, Emrys Roberts, a

• BEHIND THE DUNLOP SYMBOL



When he experimented with the materials he had bought at a local chemist's shop, John Boyd Dunlop worked with a purpose... to make a practical pneumatic tyre for his son Johnny.
Purpose is still evident in the activities of Dunlop's 20 major laboratories in five continents . . . and still as practical. This year the Company's main Research Centre at Fort Dunlop has produced a new rubber, and built it into a new tyre with remarkable properties of safety, comfort, and silence. Just one example of the forward thinking expressed in the new symbol, designed to identify Dunlop activities, products and services the world over.

DUNLOP SYMBOL OF PROGRESS

slight, young man with that idealistic, innocent face which such a large proportion of his party possess (one sometimes suspects that they are related by blood as well as ideas) had a wonderful time. (The party girls tend to be dark and exceptionally pretty.) His supporters ran a pirate radio station which broadcast requested records and Welsh hymns and party propaganda over the television wavelength when normal programmes closed down. 'More people have heard "the Queen" this last fortnight than the rest of their life put together', as one voter put it, because although merely some two per cent of the constituency can nowadays speak Welsh, it still remains iconoclastic enough to love the blow at authority which the radio represented. They also took the Nationalists' point that the government forbids them legal air time. In so talented a collection of candidates, the Tory baronet, Sir Brandon, was out of his class.

But these last three men were, in spite of the situation's curiosities, the attackers: Michael Foot was in goal. Large among his difficulties was that one facing all candidates defending Welsh Labour seats at by-elections: he was also defending the district's Labour Party or, more particularly, the local and county councils. It would, of course, be false to say that issues like defence or nationalisation or the apparent national death-wish of the party were irrelevant at Ebbw Vale. They weren't and, at meetings, most questions were asked about these issues. But beneath the surface it remained true that Welsh by-elections offer people the chance to smack the council in the eye. In recent years it has usually been the Welsh Nationalist Party which has benefited from this instinct.

Why, you may ask, should the council or party require, or be felt to need, a dab in the eye? Partly it is the result of a generation of one-party rule. Labour is boss, and bossism become a programme. Wards exist where new party members have not been wanted because the local boss cannot be sure of the opinions of newcomers. How can things be fixed properly when you have unknown elements in the equation? So that instead of a missionary zeal in converting the apathetic, or even in enlisting the aid of people born to the faith, you have purposeful discouragement. Inevitably radical spirits turn elsewhere, perhaps to the wall-eyed 21-inch beguiler. Ebbw Vale has no Young Socialist branch. It's not as bad as neighbouring Aberdare, where only one Labour voter in 64 belongs to the party.

I don't think it will be so for much longer in that corner of the valleys. One sensed that there is going to be more door-knocking in the future, an attempt to re-introduce people to the party. Even though it is fashionable to argue that television and the creation of the leadership-image by cathode-ray-tube is what counts – and clearly it is important – organisation remains necessary to politics. But what are the proselytisers to offer? Here, where industry is heavy, it is Socialism, since that is what the candidate and most of the management committee believe in. Elsewhere there are problems.

It is a sign of the times and of the extent of these problems that the only kind of dirty work in this by-election, the only smear campaign, arose in the Labour cause against its own candidate. At a meeting in the Working Men's Hall, Michael Foot was asked by a steelworker: 'Could you tell us, because a lot of the boys down at the works have been worried about it, because some are saying it, but have you been a member of the Communist Party?' No charge against Michael Foot could be more ludicrous. So how had the notion spread? Had the Tories done it? Not really. It seems that some of the steelworkers had heard a well-known right-wing Labour MP say on television that many Unilateralists were Communists; that many people who opposed Mr Gaitskell were therefore Communists. To students of logic, this undistributed middle may seem comic. For the Labour Party it is deeply tragic.

Grecian Square

GEORGINA KANE

Our square is small, and bare except for a mulberry tree on one side. The Town Council wanted to cut it down, but we all objected so strongly that they were forced to leave it. After all, where could our children play in summer if there were no shade? They like to cower under the tree, occasionally animated into play again by the breeze which finds its way, a little exhausted at last, into our square from the Aegean Sea, lapping our island two miles to the south.

Bored, the children spot Pappa Emmanuel, the priest, in his tall chimney hat and flowing robes, making his majestic way home to his little whitewashed house on the square. As he approaches, the children settle, like a flock of sparrows, on his hand to kiss it. He does not interrupt his progress, but his idiot son of 30-odd stays behind to kick a ball with the children. When he goes they call after him mockingly; but he just grins.

There is a shapely mountain to the east; rich and shadowed green-grey as the sun rises over it, a flame of pink in the evening as the sun sets opposite, but topped with white in winter. Then beastly winds blow through the small, straight streets of the town, and the children of the square huddle in the most sheltered corner, wrapped in their odd assortment of coats and scarves, so shabby, having been handed down at yearly intervals from the elder to the younger. Some of them do not wear shoes.

Often it pours with rain in the Greek winter, the water running in established streams across the square which slopes towards the sea, and meeting outside Mrs Konstandina's rickety front door. Unfortunately her one-roomed house is a few inches below ground level, and she is often to be seen mopping up the water while her children sit in the doorway on straight-backed chairs with their feet crooked up on the rungs.

Mrs Konstandina's husband is a labourer – out of work usually. I saw him the other day looking so proud as he was coming back from his children's school display. She goes out washing and cleaning to the houses of professional people or shopkeepers. We often let Mrs Konstandina's children come up and play with our two. 'Up' in every sense, for our house is two-storied, on the higher north side of the square, and my husband is a lawyer. This difference is acknowledged freely without envy or bitterness; but Mrs Konstandina knows and I know that all this is unimportant beside the fact that we both live on the square. In a few years she will ask, without any feeling of unfitness, that her children learn English at my school, free. I shall let them do that, and I shall not even feel righteous. If they are any good at English they will be equipped to earn a salary ranging from £15 to £60 a month. Their father never earned that. Her children have beautiful manners. Aspasia, who is seven, always corrects my Francesca, three-and-a-half, who has picked up some dreadful habits and words from the other children of the square. Aspasia and her brothers and sisters are always clean. Six-year-old George loves my baby Margaret, who is just a year old. He carts her around in his arms all day while she crows with delight, except when he washes her, which she loathes, but which he insists on doing at least once an hour.

Next door to Mrs Konstandina lives Mrs Joanna, who does the washing for my household and the doctor's next door. We would rather have Mrs Konstandina because she is more thorough and more silent. Also she has TB. But we can't very well get rid of Mrs Joanna, as we have had her for so long. Now her husband has gone to Australia to find work, let's hope she will decide to emigrate too.

She has two sons who can't find work, and a daughter, Antiope, a beauty of the peaky type. She hasn't a dowry, but when her mother sent her to Athens to learn dressmaking, a young man there got interested in her. Mrs Joanna arranged for Antiope to board in the same house as this man; but after having risen to the bait, he got more interested in another girl with a dowry. Mrs Joanna's carefully laid plan to trap him into marrying Antiope came to nothing and she went off to Athens seeking revenge. When she returned, she reported having 'scratched his eyes out'. Amid much wiping of her eyes with her apron, she told us the whole story. We learned that Antiope, having been rejected, had taken a large dose of aspirin and was now in hospital. No harm will come from it, except that now the problem of her marrying is that much the more difficult.

There are many young children belonging to the square. Their mothers leave them in the care of old Mrs Gregoria who sits on a chair outside her front door all day long except when it is raining. One little boy of about eight just stands by himself in a corner scuffing the dust with bare toes, glooming at the other children from under his shaven little head. Sometimes he tries to play with the other kids, but they shove him away or throw a stone . . . because his mum isn't a Mrs. He has been caught stealing, and I hear he's going to be sent to a reform school of sorts.

His mother also lives on the south side of the square near Mrs Joanna. She is a bustling

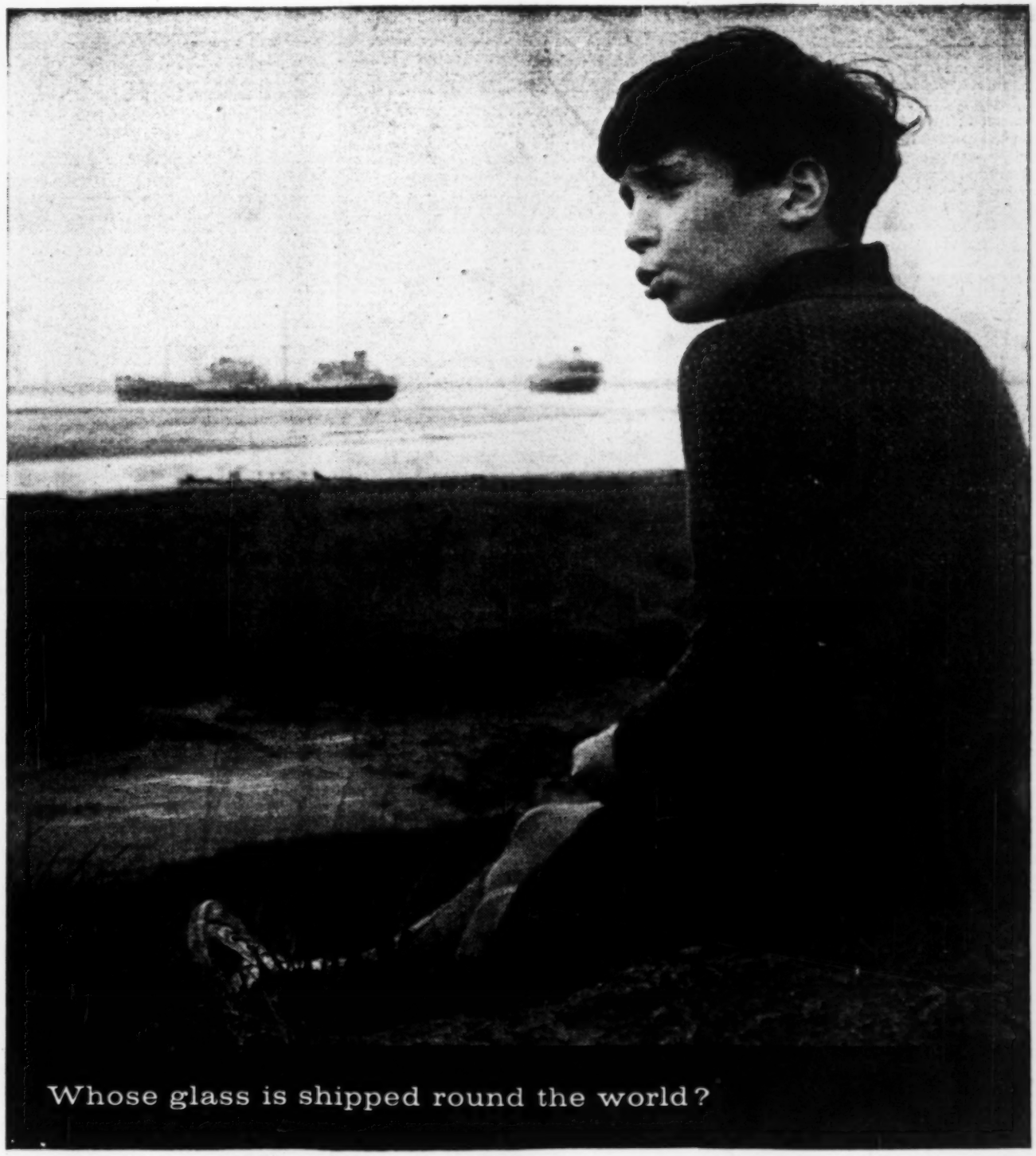
New Statesman Logogram – 5

'By a most peculiar coincidence,' said the Professor, 'the birthdays of my two children Anne and John both fall on the same day, and the birthdays of my other two children Charles and Mary, both fall on the following day. 'Next year my eldest child, Anne, will be 12, Charles will be 11, and Mary will be 8. If I tell you that John is always teasing his younger brother, can you tell me the day and year of his birth?'

Solution next week.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

In the long run, Wilson (or Harrison) would not profit by such a wager. On those days when his total winnings were high, the chances are that he would lose by the transaction. On those days when his total winnings were small, the chances are that he would gain by the transaction. Over a period these apparent losses and gains would tend to counterbalance.



Ten-year-old Stephen Quick is crazy about ships—and very knowledgeable, too. You'll find him—or a boy like him—at every vantage point on every river. Ready to tell you where the ships are bound and what cargoes they are carrying. And on the Mersey so many of them are carrying British Glass, Pilkington Glass, from St. Helens to every part of the world. For Pilkington Glass goes to nearly 100 overseas markets, and last year the direct exports of the Group totalled £12,000,000 —a combination to British trade made possible only by the Pilkington Group's vast manufacturing resources and the scale of its overseas sales organisation.

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little woman who wears summer frocks all the year round with perhaps a cardigan as a concession to winter. Her name is Ketty, and she keeps herself by working in a bakery just round the corner. One day she said to old Mrs Gregoria: 'Mrs Georgina always says good morning to me'. She said it with simple wonderment at the idea that a 'lady' should not avoid her.

At the corner of the square, at right-angles to my house with just a narrow passage between, lives Mrs Elli. She has not turned 50, but she is wrinkled all over like a map. Her husband has a mania which takes the form of a delusion that women have only one thought in life. He can be heard late into the night accusing his wife of having *affaires*. And what a commotion he makes if she is ever out after eight o'clock at night! She has a great reputation as a shirtmaker, so she just gets on with her work, and hopes that her sons will relieve her. One of them has gone to America to earn his fortune, promising to return with money enough to make his mother independent, put his father in a comfortable home, and marry off his elder sister. He himself will certainly not get married until all these obligations are dispatched. The other boy works in a local factory, and although he is in love, he too will wait for his sister to get married first. 'Thank God they are good boys,' says Mrs Elli, and a smile creaks out among the wrinkles.

Between Mrs Elli and Pappa Emmanuel, we have Mrs Gregoria and her daughter Magda. They are the square, and can always be found sitting in the shade of the mulberry tree looking after the neighbouring children, or else gossiping with a tight, nodding circle of women – the older ones, being widows, mostly dressed in black from headscarf to shoes. Mrs Gregoria lives on the ground floor, and lets out the top floor to officers from the nearby barracks. But what a saga of troubles they do have! About once a month one of the officers is caught having 'goings-on.' Magda, unmarried and late-thirtyish, has hysterics while her ancient mother croaks in the background. The officer loses his temper and goes off to seek more congenial or liberal lodgings. Then follows the formula of weeping and hand-wringing because, after all, the two women have lost £2 10s a month in the shape of the officer. Eventually another one turns up, so all is well. But one fine day Captain Nicholas turned up.

In the house next to ours, and thus looking diagonally across at Mrs Gregoria's house, lives an eccentric artist. His wife is a beautiful blonde, slightly blown or at any rate blowing. Aphrodite (that is her name) began eyeing Nicholas, a process made easier as Nicholas lodged in a front room with a balcony. One day Magda found Aphrodite in Nicholas's room. There was a heated row; Nicholas was thrown out, but a consensus of opinion among the neighbours having been canvassed, nothing was said to the husband.

Nicholas moved to other lodgings, and Aphrodite continued to visit him. The husband was later tipped off by a friend, sent Aphrodite packing, and rounded on the neighbours for not telling him before. Nicholas's commanding officer has also sent him packing to service on the Albanian frontier.

Old Mrs Gregoria sits outside her front door surrounded by the usual band of women. They discuss the matter, occasionally breaking off to scold one of the children screaming on the outskirts.

'I thought she was like the Virgin,' she says.

'There's no telling with people,' comments Magda.

'And there she was with a good husband she got without a dowry,' Mrs Elli joins in.

'They *do* say she was only a servant before she married him,' another says.

A poor mother of four girls says: 'There aren't enough men now. Not after the war.'

'My boy was killed by the Germans,' croaks a woman huddled in black. They all know it, but never tire of hearing it.

'Always wars,' says the mother of four.

'Killed by the Germans, and then by the Communists.'

'Killed their own flesh and blood they did.'

'Now the Turks will come as they did before. Bad people they are.'

'Not the Turks. The Russians will come.'

'Do you remember, 200 were hanged in the market place?'

'They say there'll be another war.'

'God help us. All our men gone again. No husbands.'

'The Virgin help us,' says Mrs Gregoria, wiping her eyes with a cracked hand.

SIR KENNETH CLARK

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THE ARTS

Where Your Treasure Is . . .

TOM DRIBERG

When Mr Hugh Carleton Green, Director-General of the BBC, spoke at Manchester on 9 November, I do not know if he has seen the *Annual Report* of the Independent Television Authority (HMSO, 3s 6d), which the House of Commons had 'ordered to be printed' two days earlier. If he had, he may well have been stung into his tart rejoinder to some earlier remarks by Sir Robert Fraser, Director-General of the ITA; for this report makes the unblinking claim that 'Independent Television is a public service conducted by a public authority acting within the provisions of an Act of Parliament.' Possibly all the words after 'public service' in this sentence are intended to limit and define the phrase, and in this sense, and this sense only, its use is justifiable; but before we let them get away with saying that ITV 'is a public service,' *tout court*, we had better consider what the words mean.

Mr Greene quoted a wordy, but valid, definition by his predecessor, Sir Ian Jacob, who described public-service broadcasting as 'a compound of a system of control, an attitude of mind, and an aim . . . The system of control is full independence . . . The attitude of mind is an intelligent one capable of attracting to the service the highest quality of character and intellect. The aim is to give the best and the most comprehensive service . . . The motive . . . must not be vitiated by political or commercial considerations.'

Sir Ian deceived himself if he thought that the BBC's motives had never been vitiated by political considerations; but the other part of his claim to integrity is abundantly justified. One of the bravest phenomena of the past five years has been the BBC's determined struggle not to stoop too far towards the gutter in the endeavour to meet the commercial challenge at its lowest, as well as its higher, levels. There has been some abysmal muck on BBC TV, particularly in some of its elephantine essays in light domestic comedy; but it could never have been guilty of such an affront to human decency as *People Are Funny* (which, to be fair, was taken off).

Mr Greene was naturally, therefore, surprised by Sir Robert's discovery of a 'remarkable homogeneity' between the BBC and ITV, which were in large part, said Sir Robert, 'assimilated.' This is an example of the almost Zen nonchalance which so often leaves Sir Robert's critics gasping. If it means merely that Westerns, news, and thrillers are to be seen on both channels, it was hardly worth saying. So Mr Greene was entitled to retort that, while it was 'flattering that commercial broadcasting should wish to come in out of the rain under the public service umbrella,' the umbrella belonged to the BBC and there wasn't room under it for ITV; to quote Richard Rovere on American TV ('Only a cheap and distorting mirror can be held up to life when the principal aim is to sell shampoo or liver pills. Ends determine means'); and to re-emphasise the basic distinction that 'commercial broadcasting . . . exists to sell goods, and public service broadcasting to serve the public.'

They simply rust away

Where could it have come from? *What* do you think it can be? Disgusting, I call it! Surely this calls for a resolution — 'Ponds for ducks and not for dumps!' Unanimous? Good. And now let's hunt up some breakfast . . .

Yes, there it is and there it will stay, mute and melancholy symbol of the effect of rust—rust that makes no distinction between old carts and new ships, bridges, machines or structural steelwork anywhere. Every year the costs of fighting corrosion add millions of pounds to industrial overheads . . . but now special paints based on Shell's 'Epikote' resins are bringing them down spectacularly. 'Epikote' resin-based paints possess that which ordinary paints lack — an outstanding ability to withstand the corrosive onslaught of industrially polluted atmospheres, chemicals, weather, abrasion and hard wear generally. They are exceptional paints — but not the exception, because today most leading paint manufacturers are using 'Epikote' resins in special corrosion resistant formulations.

If you want to know more about 'Epikote' resins, or if you have any problem involving the use of chemicals generally — industrial or agricultural — get in touch with Shell. Write to the Advertising Manager, Shell Chemical Company Limited, 29-30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1.

SHELL CHEMICALS SHELL

Sir Robert's most egregious statement, however, was that the BBC was living 'on a State grant or subsidy.' The opposite is true. The licence-fee of £4 is a private subsidy paid by every citizen who chooses to have TV and radio – and it is really the State that has been living on the BBC, the Treasury having pinched not only £1 of each £4 as excise duty but a percentage of the rest of the licence revenue as well. In 1961-62 the Treasury will generously take only the £1; had this decision – welcome as far as it goes – been taken a year earlier, the BBC would not have had to postpone a number of 'highly desirable' projects. So we learn from the BBC's *Annual Report* (HMSO, 9s.), a far more substantial document than ITA's. From this we also learn, on the question of finance, that it is not the case, as has been alleged, that a second BBC TV programme would mean that the licence fee would go up to £10: 'The BBC could . . . start a second television service in Band III if it were granted the full proceeds of a £4 licence . . . A full development of the BBC's services, in sound and television . . . – including the introduction of a new television service in Bands IV and V and of colour – would call for a combined licence at about £5.' Even with the Treasury cuts, the BBC's revenue has risen automatically with the increase in the number of TV licences issued – nearly 1¼m more in the past year.

But the BBC needs as much money as it can get. It is responsible for almost all the basic technical research in broadcasting. I can find nothing in the ITA's Report comparable with the section on research and development in the BBC's. In this sense ITV *is* under the BBC's 'umbrella.' Yet (quite apart from the vast profits made by the programme companies) the ITA's own income has gone up in the past year, by nearly £1m, to nearly £4m. Is there any reason why the ITA and its programme companies should not make some contribution to the cost of the BBC research by which they benefit?

The ITA Report repeats the well-known claim that the advertiser 'may know nothing about the programme' that his commercial is to appear with, 'if . . . he books his time many months ahead.' No, but if he books time at a peak hour on Saturday or Sunday, he knows well enough what *kind* of programme is likely to be on then: I wonder how many complaints from advertisers, as well as a few telephone-calls from imbecile viewers, were responsible for the disgraceful decision to switch *The Strange World of Gurney Slade*, with its original and experimental wit, from a Saturday peak-hour to as late as 11.10 p.m., and to replace it by the 'safe' and utterly meretricious American film series, *77 Sunset Strip*? This decision alone would justify all Mr Greene's claims and strictures: it is the perfect illustration of the essential motivation of ITV.

The
Baldwin Age

Edited by John Raymond

J. D. Scott: 'Absorbing'. *New Statesman*

The Times: 'A lively, varied, and evocative analysis of one of the most complex stages of British history'.

Paul Johnson: 'This glittering series of essays'. *Evening Standard*

Michael Foot: 'A most informative and at times dazzling series of essays'. *Daily Herald*

Richard Crossman: 'Robert Blake gives us the acutest and fairest assessment of Baldwin's role in British politics that I have ever read'. *Guardian*

Contributors: Robert Blake, A. J. P. Taylor, Michael Wharton, Philip Noel-Baker, Harold Wincott, Gerard Fay, Anthony Howard, Francis Williams, Pamela Hansford-Johnson, Philip Hope-Wallace, Nevile Wallis, Walter Allen, C. P. Snow.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, 25s

Kokoschka

DAVID SYLVESTER

However resigned one may be to the grotesque ways of the English art world, one can't help feeling amazed, even more than one feels ashamed, at the neglect of Kokoschka in the country in which he lived from 1938 to 1953 and of which he is a naturalised subject. The exhibition at Marlborough Fine Art is the first of his paintings to have been held here since 1927 (the ICA show in 1952 was of drawings and prints). It consists of paintings and water colours executed in England and Scotland – a few of them in the 1920's, the rest after 1938. Which is to say that it doesn't contain a high proportion of works dating from what his admirers consider to be his best periods.

If we had taken advantage of Kokoschka's presence here, there are three ways in which we might have benefited. We might have had the pleasure of seeing his work exhibited. We might have given him a major teaching post. We might have had him paint a number of official portraits.

On the strength of this exhibition, I would say that the last was the most regrettable omission. The outstanding works here are mostly portraits, such as those of Nancy Cunard, Adèle Astaire, Kathleen Countess of Drogheda and Valerie Goulding. They show that Kokoschka is in line with those many foreign artists of earlier ages, like Van Dyck and Lely, who have shown a generation of the British upper classes to themselves, have somehow imaged their elegance and oddity more pertinently and memorably than have our home-bred face-painters. It is peculiarly sad that Kokoschka has not had more opportunities to exercise this skill when so many have been given to another immigrant, Annigoni, by the topmost people. One can only suppose that the reason is that nowadays the topmost people would rather be portrayed looking like film stars than like members of their own class.

It is tempting to suggest that as a teacher Kokoschka could have had the same invigorating effect upon some of our young painters as immigrant painters such as Max Beckmann and Hans Hofmann have had during the last 20 years in the United States. It might well be supposed that Kokoschka could have played a great part in teaching English painters to *paint*. In fact I am not at all sure that he would have had this effect. Unlike Beckmann, he does not belong to one of the main streams of modern European painting. He is not really a modern artist, but a throw-back to Austrian Baroque and in his way a painter no less eccentric in the total context of modern art than Bacon or Spencer or Sutherland or Sickert.

In modern 'painterly' figurative painting, beginning with impressionism, every mark on the canvas corresponds with a step or stage in the artist's experiencing of the object: the marks which are the sum of this experience are locked together on a flat surface which is not an image of something seen, but a projection of the process of seeing it. Kokoschka, however, paints a simple image of reality heightened with bravura brush work. The strokes of the brush do not *signify*, rather do they give a flicker to a vision of form in space which could be conveyed, though without the same liveliness, without those particular strokes. This is evident from the numerous passages in Kokoschka's paintings where lively brush work is used to fill in a passage which has clearly not been felt all the way through. The visible marks are not, as it were, bricks with which a sensation of reality has been rebuilt, they are simply the traces of the painter's gestures, his autograph, his testimony that it was he who painted this.

Cultural Relations

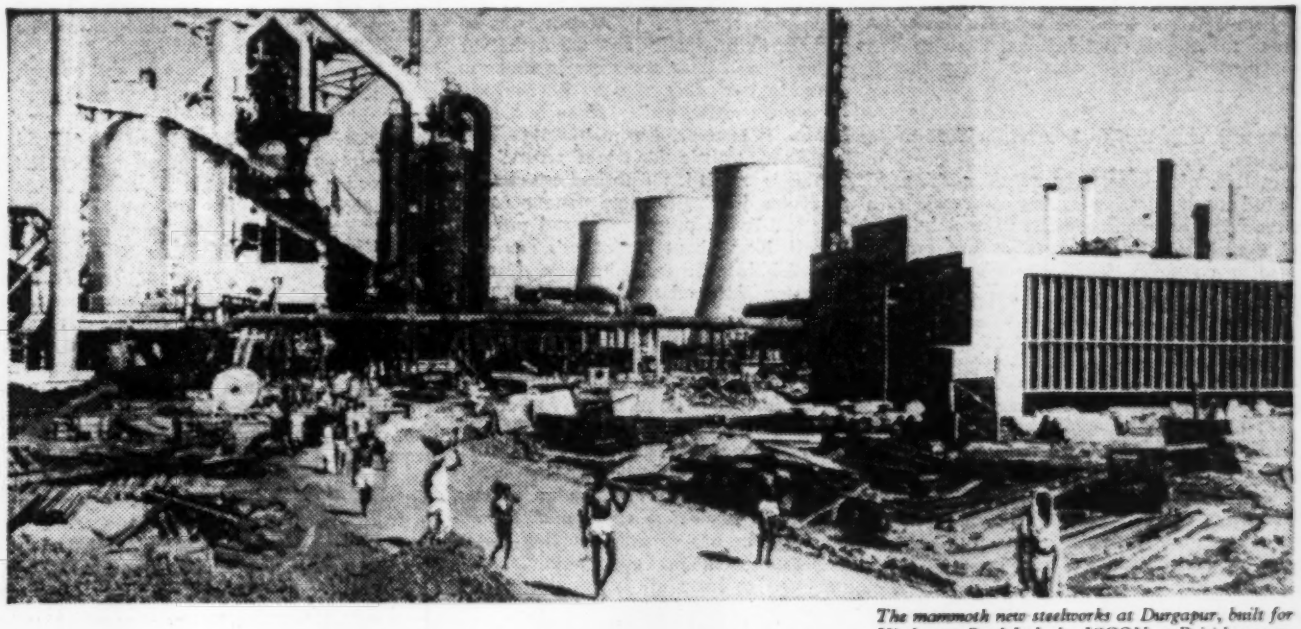
ARTHUR JACOBS

His articles attracted attention above all by their shrieking, sensational headlines. 'Music and Myth in Moscow' was the title of his first article, appearing on 21 May in the NEW STATESMAN, a journal which in general does not give much attention to artistic questions.

In such terms the Moscow musical review, *Sovyetskaya Muzyka*, launched a six-column attack last month. From this 'organ of the Union of Soviet Composers and of the Ministry of Culture of the USSR' I discovered that I was in disgrace. Happily, however, Anglo-Soviet cultural relations may yet be saved. 'An ever greater number of English musicians is coming to the USSR' (the anonymous article concluded) 'and our mutual sympathy and friendship is growing. Certainly these visitors will trust their own eyes and ears rather than the inventions of Jacobs. We are sure that all honest British musicians will rightly understand and assess the character of Jacobs's "mission".'

It was indeed an unorthodox mission. I was the first London music critic since the war to go to Moscow *not* as the guest of an official Soviet organisation. With commissions from the NEW STATESMAN and other journals, and from the BBC and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, I was trying to find out not only who played well and who sang badly, but how the wheels of musical life were turning in the post-Zhdanov era.

Hailing the new broadening of the Moscow concert repertory, I wrote: 'Despite the traditional suspicion of religious texts (two choruses from Handel's *Messiah* are published in a Soviet edition with non-religious texts), Brahms's Requiem is shortly to have what is announced as its first performance in Moscow.' Quoting from this passage, but



The mammoth new steelworks at Durgapur, built for Hindustan Steel Ltd., by ISCON, a British consortium of 13 of the largest engineering firms in the U.K., including English Electric.

THE NEW FORGES OF INDIA

–and the power that drives them

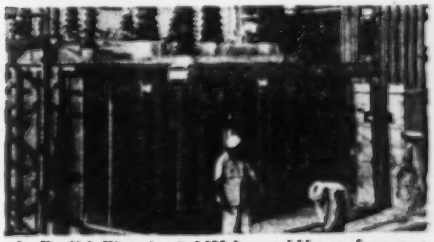
INDIA is fast becoming a great industrial nation. Three new steelworks are nearly complete and many big projects—for heavy machinery, ball bearings, boiler plant—are proposed in the recently published Third Five-Year Plan.

These new "forges" will demand an enormous supply of power. The new plan sets India the great task of *doubling her electric power production in the next five years.* Fortunately the country is exceptionally rich in hydro-electric resources: present estimates put her potential at around 35 million kilowatts. Dams will be built, many of them providing irrigation as well as electricity, helping to solve India's food problems. From all points of view, the power programme is crucial in India's future.

English Electric in India. Well known for its world-wide success in the export field, The English Electric Company is actively engaged in Indian development, and has been since the 1920's. Generating and distribution plant for power projects, electrical equipment for industry, and extensive railway work including India's first electrification scheme 1924-28—these are some of the Company's activities in India. Now English Electric has installed rolling mill drives at Durgapur's huge new steelworks; power equipments are being made for the first Indian-built electric locomotives; complete turbine generating plant is going in at the 385,000 h.p. Rihand hydro-electric site; and plant for India's largest rectifier installation, for a fertilizer factory, is on order. English Electric has recently built a factory producing electrical equipment in Madras. Besides all this, in the sphere of technical education the Company trains Indian graduates who return home as qualified engineers.

These are some of the many ways in which English Electric is helping to develop and use India's power resources.

The relationship is mutually fruitful. India knows she can depend on the store of technical knowledge, skill and research which lie behind every contract with English Electric, while English Electric gains in India further valuable experience, which it can use in other countries and at home.



An English Electric 38-MVA, 132-kV transformer at the Delhi grid substation. English Electric is now supplying three 125-MVA, 200-kV transformers, which are the first to be ordered for India at this voltage.

Seen leaving Bombay's Victoria railway terminus, this English Electric 3,600-h.p. locomotive is one of the most powerful in India. By contrast on the left is an old steam engine built by The Vulcan Foundry (member of the English Electric Group) who made the first locomotive ever to run in India.

One of the many hydro-electric schemes, at Sengulam, includes these four 18,000-h.p. generating sets which together with transformers and switchgear, were supplied by English Electric under a comprehensive contract.

POWER FOR PEACE

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

The English Electric Company Limited, English Electric House, Strand, London, W.C.2

neatly omitting the parenthesis, *Sovyetskaya Muzyka* accuses me of 'outright distortion'. It is admittedly true about the Brahms's Requiem, and true about the 'negative' Soviet attitude to religion. 'But between these two facts there is no link whatever', says the magazine – leaving unanswered the question of why, in that case, Moscow should have had to wait until 1960 to discover the Brahms Requiem.

But this, of course, is mere skirmishing. The full attack is reserved for my observations on the fact that public concerts of modernist and experimental music, such as are promoted by young musicians everywhere from San Francisco to Warsaw, are missing in Moscow.

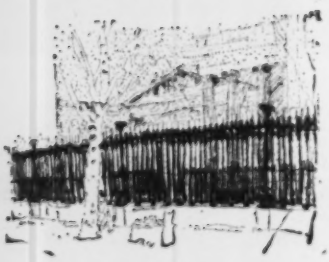
I declined to suppose that young Moscow musicians are so stupid, so unlike composers everywhere else, so wedded to the musical fashion of 50 years ago, that none of them would like to put on such concerts. I concluded – from performances, records, printed scores, articles, and personal interviews – that young composers are still 'straightjacketed by ideology imposed from the top.' For saying so, and for postulating a conflict between liberal-minded performers and conservative theoreticians, my NEW STATESMAN article is denounced for 'repeating the well-worn phrases of vulgar anti-Soviet propaganda.'

Even worse, I speculated that young composers might be pursuing forbidden modernist paths in private (as Soviet painters certainly are) 'after having fulfilled their quotas of suites on Azerbaijanian folk-tunes'. This phrase enables *Sovyetskaya Muzyka* to unmask me triumphantly. 'To "Mister Jacobs", as to a son of a colonial power, the word "Azerbaijanian" evidently means something not worthy of attention . . . But Leopold Stokowski, having a little while ago become acquainted with a symphonic work by the Azerbaijanian composer F. Amirov, was so taken with its originality and talent that he immediately asked for the score in order to perform it at one of his concerts. But Stokowski is a great artist, while Jacobs is a little man who, it is clear, personally takes little interest in the artistic side of the matter.'

All this is sad. It is sad to find criticism of a particular ideological line denounced as 'vulgar anti-Soviet propaganda' and pursued with dark hints about the writer's motives: 'Jacobs fulfilled the tasks he was given, a task having little relation to the work of building of friendly relations between the musicians of Great Britain and the USSR.'

Ironically enough, it was I who sent copies of my articles to *Sovyetskaya Muzyka*. It seemed courteous to do so, since I had corresponded for over a year with Grigory Shneyerson, its foreign editor, and had even contributed (before my visit) to the magazine's columns. On receiving my London articles, however, the immediate reaction of *Sovyetskaya Muzyka* was to cease sending me its own issues (even the one containing this attack) and to leave my letters unanswered. How small-minded, in the name of 'friendly relations', can you get?

Henry James



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HEINEMANN

Red Roses for O'Casey

H. A. L. CRAIG

By a lamentable road, Sean O'Casey's latest play, *The Drums of Father Ned*, has reached a European stage at Hornchurch, Essex. This is more than a premiere: it is a liberation. For two years ago *Father Ned* fell under the disgrace of the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, was given the old one, two, religious three – bell, book and candle – and withdrawn from the Dublin International Theatre Festival; while O'Casey had again to endure the compliments the Irish pay to genius.

O'Casey has described *The Drums of Father Ned* as 'just fun'. This is an old man's modesty. It is a play of great comic spirit. Like his other three comedies, it is set, or rather it finds its scope, in an occasion of whoopee. The youth of Doonavale are decorating their houses, rehearsing a prancing, patriotic play, learning songs for a village festival, when the parish priest, the Rev. D. Fillifogue, arrives to poke them back to piety and hymns with an umbrella. And there is Father Ned. Father Ned is part myth: Pan, Bacchus, Eros; and part Father O'Flanagan, a liberal priest. We never see Father Ned; but we hear his drumming – he, too, is preparing for the festival – and the drums of Father Ned rattle and thump against the umbrellas. This play has the simplest intention: to cry life.

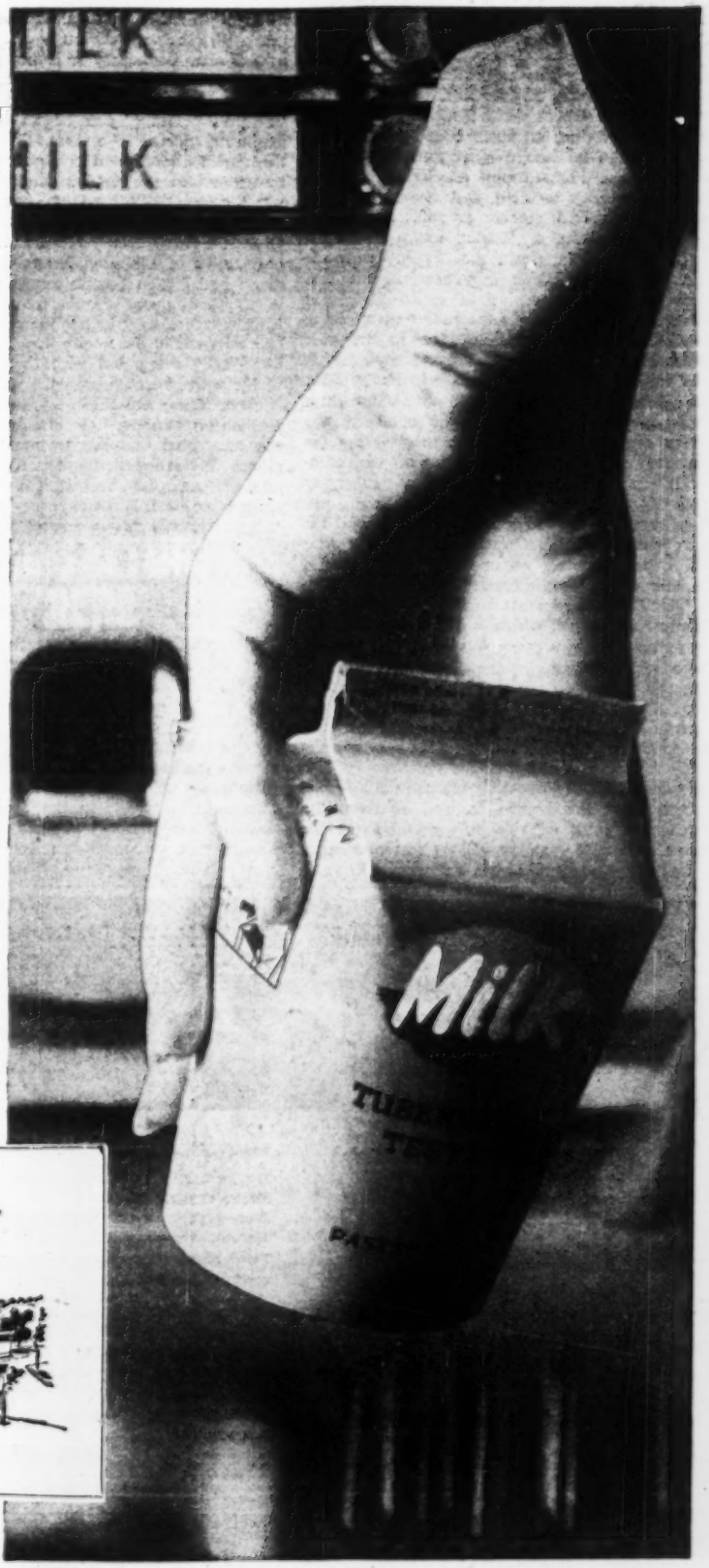
The Drums of Father Ned is O'Casey's happiest play. He does not, as in *Cock-a-Doodle Dandy*, suddenly stop and stare and give the life-fearers the lash. Nobody is hurt; there are no villains or bog Savonarolas to scare the pants off anyone; instead, Father Fillifogue is a figure of farce, who enters through a window and exits on his ear. But dignitary may not descend from his dignity. Is this, I wonder, the great harm the Irish saw done by this play; would they not have preferred Father Domineer, so extreme that he could be Count Dracula with a trickle of blood at his lower lip, to Father Fillifogue looking for a part in the Crazy Gang? To make us so fond of Father Fillifogue may be O'Casey's cruellest stroke yet.

At Hornchurch, the play was well enough acted (with Doreen Keogh, Duncan Lewis, David Blake Kelly and Will Leighton very good indeed) and well produced by David Phethean in a straight on and off manner. But a proper later-O'Casey style of production has yet to be discovered and until we have it we cannot say that we have seen, much less judged, the comedies. I will not be convinced that *Cock-a-Doodle Dandy* or *The Purple Dust* are any less great than *Juno and the Paycock* until I have seen them properly performed. It is pathetic, crazy, ignorant that nobody in his own time knows the work of one of the world's greatest dramatists. O'Casey is a master of the stage who accepts few of its limitations; one moment he may seem to be writing for a circus ring, the next for a Punch-and-Judy box, he may end in Jericho or in a cyclone. He must be played at a whirl, and all the neglected trick-work of the stage, trap-door and vamp trap, thunder and lightning, must be brought back to give his elbow room. Then we will have a night to crow about; then we will see O'Casey clear.

It was certainly producer's night for Oliver Goldsmith. Douglas Seale whose productions of *Henry VI* still sound around the walls of the Old Vic – he made the theatre a drum – has made *She Stoops to Conquer* a bit of a Christmas cracker. It is the first pantomime of the season. If you want 'poor Goldsmith' played as an autumn daisy of the Restoration or as a primrose Sheridan this will not delight you. It delighted me. Though the Goldsmith biography is thin, he wrote very little that was not autobiographical: if you know the work you may claim acquaintance with the man. Mr Seale's production would, I feel, have sent Goldsmith home in glee. He goes for warmth, charm, smile, and does not rely upon the wit and 'obleege', Goldsmith's wit is less than his fun. He was not a Congreve, and Mr Seale would have to go to *The Way of the World* if he wanted to balance that kind of ball upon his nose. As actor, Tommy Steele as Tony Lumpkin may be short in the tooth, but he is supreme in charm – though charm is harmful to actors. This is the currency of the play, Goldsmith's gold. And more to come on this splendid night at the Old Vic: Judi Dench as brilliant as she is beautiful, lighting the house with a turn of her head; Peggy Mount, the original mother-in-law; and John Humphry, stammering with grace on his m's and p's.

Miss Lillian Hellman is preceded everywhere by a reputation for technique and the 'well-made' play. Fair enough. *Toys in the Attic* is good technique and a bad play. Its Deep South entanglements are the merest tourist traps. Its persons are dressed up in the coon skins of those parts – family pride and warped love. Their eccentricities are without significance. They come and go with doleful mouthfuls, 'technique' for the imminent thunderstorms. They bore. *Toys in the Attic* is based on the cliché of Southern heavy drama, concealment: a concealed homosexuality, concealed lesbianism, concealed hatred, colour, castration, impotence. Faulkner does it with genius. Tennessee Williams with talent But when Miss Hellman's moment of truth arrives – concealed incest – she manages it with no more dramatic push than a tea trolley. Her persons are not in any human predicament, merely the servants of the 'well-made' play – what Shaw called Sardoodledom.

How they buy milk these days



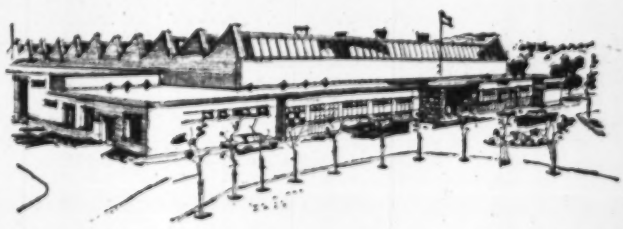
Latest beverage reports show that more and more people are taking their milk—and fruit juices—in cartons. Even Bowater Perga, who make more of these cartons than anyone else in Britain, have found it difficult to keep pace with demand.

Two things are being done. A new factory has been set up at Brynmenyn, South Wales, and new equipment has been installed in the Bowater Perga plant at Gateshead. Between them they will double milk carton output and help satisfy several million thirsts.

This is a growth industry in action. And paper making is a growth industry.

BRYNMENYN, SOUTH WALES

The new Bowater factory for the production of Perga milk cartons. In addition, new equipment has been installed in the Bowater Perga factory at Gateshead. Part of Bowaters' investment in progress.



Bowaters...investing in progress

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Fricker's Third Symphony at the Festival Hall

The main feature of the LPO's concert of contemporary music last week was the first performance of Racine Fricker's Third Symphony. A lot has happened in the world of music since Fricker's First Symphony appeared ten years ago, but not much of it has happened to Fricker. The Second Symphony ironed out most of the immaturities which had marred that remarkably talented first Symphony, but otherwise covered similar ground. The Third Symphony marks a further improvement in some respects, but again the territory is much the same (and indeed a passage in the last movement exactly repeats a structural device employed in the finale of the second Symphony). Stylistically, the chief innovation in the new work is a more conscious conservatism, which at times comes quite close to the tougher Vaughan Williams. This should not be thought a derogatory observation. On the contrary, the more conventional cast of the new work is in some ways a better expression of the composer's creative personality. It is a personality towards which a certain injustice has been done. For instance, we are continually hearing that the composer is 'not interested' in orchestral colour (though fortunately no one ever tells us of a painter who is 'not interested' in paint).

This kind of response to Fricker's music has become automatic, which is a pity, for the new symphony contains many felicities. Much of the woodwind writing in the first movement is beautifully judged; the spacing, the solo writing, and the doubling are handled in a way that speaks a lot for Fricker's ability to put experience to good use. The scoring compares very favourably with that of the previous symphonies. This new-found facility especially benefits the Scherzo, which from the formal as well as from the orchestral point of view is surely by far the most successful (and appealing) fast movement Fricker has written. It has an almost Rousselike momentum, and the light musical character frees the composer from the worries about *material* which seem to afflict the other movements. Fricker's eclecticism has both a good and a bad side. Ultimately it is his failure to find a truly personal formulation at the crucial points in the structure, which proves crippling. 'Influence spotting' can be an over-smart and irrelevant game. The fact that one of the themes in the Second Symphony was a near quotation from a leading motive in *Wozzeck* was not essentially damaging. But a motive from the *Introduzione* of Bartok's Concerto for Orchestra is too clearly reflected in the dominating motive of the new Symphony's first movement; and just as Bartok returns to this motive in the subsequent *Elegia* movement, so does Fricker return to it in his finale. By being overcharacteristic in the wrong way, that is, by being imperfectly integrated with the total character of the work, it emphasises the weaknesses in the context. These are the weaknesses of so many English symphonies – the hesitancy in traditions, the occasional inability to compose *through* a *climax*. Nevertheless, there is also much admirable craftsmanship, and what is more important, there is an evident desire to say something. And that implies not only a respect for the form, but also a respect for the audience.

D. D.

Suspect, at the Queen's, Bayswater

Predictability, a lack of crucial suspense, prevents this low-budget Boulting Brothers' version of Nigel Balchin's *A Sort of Traitors* (screenplay by the author) being more than an entertaining view. An idle piece of facetiousness at the end is irritating, hinting at that old complaint: a lack of seriousness. Thrillers are just as serious as tragedy or comedy. The story is that the Minister (Raymond Huntley) prevents the Professor (Peter Cushing) publishing the results of his 20-year research into biotics capable of curing bubonic plague – all in the interests of national security. At which one of the research team (Tony Britton), in the interests of humanity, wants to present the secret to the world; at which in step the bad men from the East. Meanwhile the girl on the research team (Virginia Maskell) lives, in a sense, with a concert pianist (Ian Bannen) who lost the use of his hands in Korea. Understandably he has nothing to thank his country for: equally he wants to prevent girl falling in love with handsome scientist. Action and character are worked out in a familiar, but pleasant short-hand. The acting is altogether excellent, the pace swift. In the same show is the fascinating *Blitz on Britain*. At least, the pictures are fascinating; the commentary, by Alistair Cooke, is strangely leaden.

W. J. M.

New Aces

Debussy: LA MER; NOCTURNES
L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande
conducted by **Ernest Ansermet**
ACL 106

Mozart: SYMPHONY NO. 33 IN B FLAT, K.319
The Concertgebouw Orchestra
conducted by **Eduard van Beinum**

Haydn: SYMPHONY NO. 103 IN E FLAT—'THE DRUM-ROLL'
The London Philharmonic Orchestra
conducted by **Georg Solti**
ACL 107

J. S. Bach: ST. MATTHEW PASSION
Kathleen Ferrier, Elsie Suddaby, Eric Greene, Bruce Boyce, Gordon Clinton, Henry Cummings and William Parsons with The Bach Choir and The Jacques Orchestra
conducted by Dr. Reginald Jacques
ACL 109-11

SHOWPIECES FOR ORCHESTRA
Ponchielli: DANCE OF THE HOURS ('LA GIOCONDA');
Mascagni: INTERMEZZO ('CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA');
Stanley Black: OVERTURE TO A COSTUME COMEDY;
Martucci: NOTTURNO IN G FLAT, OP. 70
The London Symphony Orchestra
conducted by **Pierino Gamba**

Sullivan: OVERTURE DI BALLO;
Balfour Gardiner: SHEPHERD FENNEL'S DANCE;
Percy Grainger: SHEPHERDS' HEY
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Correspondence

THE POLARIS DEBATE

SIR, – Defence policy is nowadays a highly controversial subject, but it seems to me important to keep discussion of it out of the realm of fantasy. May I for this reason offer a few observations on your editorial of 5 November, 'The Deep Waters of Polaris'?

(1) You start by questioning the American motive in asking for a service base for Polaris submarines in Scotland. You suggest that all allied bases within 1,500 miles of the Communist bloc are becoming vulnerable, as are the industrial areas of the eastern United States (just why you pick on this area alone is unclear), and that the only way American strategists can reduce the vulnerability of their own country is 'to increase the nuclear "load" which we will have to carry'. Now American planners may have confided such a sinister plan to you, but if they have they would be guilty of a complete logical *non sequitur*. The threat to the United States is posed by entirely different kinds of weapons from the threat to Europe, and could not be diminshed by transferring any amount of American nuclear capability to this side of the Atlantic. In any case there is no intention to 'base the sea Polaris in Britain': what has been requested is a small servicing unit, from convenience rather than necessity.

(2) You state that the Polaris is a primitive weapon: that this is not true could be discovered by reading the technical literature concerning it. It happens to suit your thesis, however, enabling you to chill your readers' spines with the idea that it would have to be used against Soviet population centres and thereby invite similar retaliation on this country. It may not be as accurate at present as the most refined type of ICBM, but therein lies part of its value for it is demonstrably a deterrent weapon and cannot be used as the component of an American first strike against the Soviet Union, which in logic would have to take the form of a counter-force blow against Soviet missile and air bases.

(3) You fear that Polaris might be used without the authorisation not only of the Prime Minister but even of the President. To lend colour to this you quote out of context a statement of Admiral Rickover, whom you call the 'master spirit' of Polaris, to the effect that a Polaris captain might lose contact with his base and have to act on his own discretion. Admiral Rickover is an expert on nuclear ship propulsion and has had no connection with operational developments of Polaris. The statement referred to dealt with the extreme hypothesis that all organized government in the United States had been destroyed by a Soviet strike.

(4) Your *coup de grace* takes the form of an assertion that Polaris is extremely vulnerable to Soviet hunter-killer submarines. To find a Polaris

submarine 'in' the high seas (not 'on' them as Mr. Kingsley Martin suggested last week) would present a problem for the Soviet submarine forces in comparison with which looking for a needle in a haystack would be child's play. It is conceivable that Soviet submarines could lie in wait for them at the entrance to Nato harbours (though being non-nuclear they would have a very limited power of endurance without surfacing and detection): but the destruction of a Polaris submarine in non-Soviet waters in time of peace would be an act of war which the Russians would think very hard about committing. Perhaps, when the Russians acquire a large fleet of nuclear submarines, say in three to six years time, Polaris may become vulnerable, but by that time it will have served its purpose, namely diminishing the vulnerability and therefore the provocative posture of the present American deterrent system.

(5) The American desire to discuss the wisdom of a system of mobile land-based missiles in Europe has, in fact, nothing to do with the shortcomings of the Polaris submarine which you have invented, but arises from the rapidly growing vulnerability of all forms of airfields and static bases as the Soviet medium-range missile threat to Europe develops. Vertical take-off aircraft would serve the same purpose, but one is unlikely to be developed in time.

The problems of inter-allied command, control and consultation which these new weapons raise are very thorny. I myself am by no means convinced that the submarine version of Polaris can be successfully used to strengthen an alliance system as opposed to one country. But I would suggest that the solution of these problems is not assisted by wholly distorting the facts on which the arguments must be based, or by imputing to the Americans discreditable motives for which there is no evidence.

ALASTAIR BUCHAN
Director

The Institute of Strategic Studies
18 Adam Street WC2

[Mr. Buchan's letter is such a bewildering medley of political opinions, technical assertions and abuse that we will confine ourselves to the factual points he raises. (1) The threat to the US is posed by long-range bombers, missile-carrying submarines and ICBMs. If the number of vital targets in Europe is increased, a proportion of these forces (certainly of the first two categories) must necessarily be switched from US to European targets. Mr Buchan is in error in describing the Holy Loch base as a small servicing unit: it is a base, to be staffed by 1,500 men, for a portion of the 40-50 per cent of the Polaris force which, according to Admiral Burke, US Chief of Naval Operations, will be in harbour at any one time. As such it is a prime target.

(2) Our assertion that the Polaris missile installed in the *George Washington* is primitive is borne out by the following facts. It is termed the A1, and has a scaled-down range of only 1,380 miles. The original project called for a 1,500 mile weapon, but in order to advance the delivery date, a heavier, less sophisticated weapon, with a correspondingly smaller range and pay-load, was accepted. The A2, with a range of 1,500 miles, and a larger war-head, will not, we understand, be available until 1962. The A3, the sophisticated version of the Polaris, will have a range of 2,500 miles, but it has not yet been assigned a delivery date. The accuracy of the A1 is conjectural; but it is known to be far less accurate than the Atlas and Titan ICBMs, which themselves are inferior in this respect to some Soviet ICBMs. A further doubt is raised by the complex problems of maintaining the Polaris' inertial guidance system towards the end of a three-month cruise – with the inference that the weapon's effectiveness will diminish the longer the vessel remains on war patrol. All except four tests have been carried out off base; even so, of 12 Polarises launched from underwater, three have been failures. The only known instance of battery firing so far

LESSON 2

TREES play an important part in British sport, the most poplar being the Oaks, the Willow and the Ashes. Most British trees are insidious, like the Spreading Chestnut Tree, and when their leaves get browned off, especially round the Mulberry Bush, they all fall down. The British are very fond of Flora of the genus *Guinnessis Goodforia*. (See illustration.)

GUINNESS
Flora & Fauna

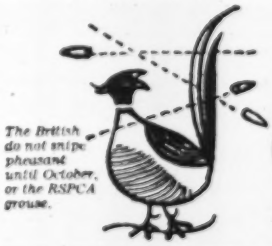
Forstrengthia Bicepa

THE BRITISH are very fond of *Animals*. Animals, too, are very fond of the British. That is why there are very few wild animals in this country. The Britons, however, get very wild sometimes when they cannot get a Guinness because the Bear or the Lion is closed.

The British watch birds

THE BRITISH do not have *Insects* the way some people have insects. They have Moths, which live on holes, and Butterflies, which are collected. The most popular of these are the Red General (*omnibus londinium*), the Bridewell Beauty, and the Antigua Puce.

Domestics animals


The British do not snipe pheasant until October, or the RSPCA grouse.

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occurred on 20 July last, when two Polarises were fired underwater, separated by an interval of two hours. In combat, by contrast, the aim is to fire 16 within 15 minutes. For all these reasons, the present Polaris system can properly be described not only as 'primitive' but as undertested.

(3) We must apologise for attributing a statement to Admiral Rickover which was in fact made by Admiral Burke; as Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Burke presumably speaks with the highest authority on such matters. Readers who wish to read his remarks in full are referred to the official transcript of BBC *Panorama*, recorded from transmission on 17 October 1960. It is not publicly known to what extent base can communicate with submerged submarines by low-frequency radio (and possibly also by radar); but for reasons explained below it is unlikely that these methods, even if feasible, would be used in periods of international tension.

(4) Anti-submarine warfare is now on the threshold of a new age. Amongst a number of projects being developed in the US, for example, are sonar and radar detection systems, Magnetic Anomaly Detection (MAD), 'Snifter Gear', Infra-red detection, Sonarbuoys, the shore-based Project Artemis, 'Bottom Bounce' and the Convergence Zone system. Further detection and identification methods – including the promising 'Burglar Alarm' static system – are described by Vice-Admiral J. S. Thatch in the May-June 1960 issue of *Ordinance*, the semi-official US service publication. The US is now developing the Subroc anti-submarine missile and the Astor high-speed electric torpedo, both of which can be fired underwater; nuclear depth-charges, called 'Betty', will shortly be available.

Much depends, of course, on the financial and technological priority accorded to such developments. In the US 1961 allocation, ASW has been accorded an extra $320 million. We must assume that Russia – confronted with the Polaris threat – has assigned similar, if not greater, priority to ASW. The Polaris system, if operated as planned, is likely to prove extremely vulnerable. A radio transmitter complex is being built in the US, at a cost of $68 million, to transmit orders, by the use of very low-frequency radio, to Polaris vessels submerged up to a depth of 100 feet. Rear-Admiral Gallery argues in the September-October 1960 edition of *Ordinance* (p. 715), that similar methods can be used in detection. It is likely therefore, that during periods of war or even of high tension, the Polaris vessels will have to surface (in which case their vulnerability will be total) or observe radio silence (in which case, as we suggested, communication with base, let alone Washington and London, will be impossible).

(5) Intermediate-range weapons under Nato control are coordinated with the Strategic Air Command. If the number of targets formed by the first group are increased – as they will be, substantially, if General Norstad's proposals are adopted – then the priority targets formed by the second group must be reduced. Mobile, land-based A1 Polaris missiles, it should be noted, can bombard Moscow. — Ed., NS.]

SITUATION DESPERATE

SIR, – The only valid point raised by Social Worker in her criticism of the article 'Situation Desperate' is its possibility of providing material for future prejudice. We were acutely aware of this when Mr Franck read it to our committee, but felt that, if anything, he had understated the situation. The purpose of the article was to attack the damaging sentiment, and to focus attention on the aspect of Notting Hill that is holding up the work of integration. After all this must be achieved by people living here and not by theorists who overtly wish all the trouble on to white prejudice. The matter would not have been raised had it not become unbearable for everyone concerned here – particularly the West Indian immigrants, who like the Puerto Ricans in the United States suffer most from the racketeers, a large number of whom are coloured. To hide this fact would serve no purpose except to prolong it.

The Powis and Colville Residents Association has emphasised its multi-racial aims. It has earned public support from all the political parties, including the Conservative Party, and the local churches in this, and there are West Indians serving on its committee. Would Social Worker like to come and talk with them about the local rackets? And when she refers to the St Stephens Association, she is cheating a little because she knows that this association deals with a very small and compact square-community. They have done fine work and achieved more integration than the other associations. But they are the first to admit they have nothing like our problems to cope with, and it is a joke between us that the clubs and brothels they cleared out of their square removed to our streets and doubled our work. The compactness of their square facilitates careful watch and swift action, whereas our neighbourhood consists of many unrelated streets and mews and is the very centre of the vice empire.

Social Worker mentions months of constructive work toward integration. Does she suggest there is another body in our area working as painstakingly as ourselves, a body we do not know about, or is she merely guessing? In any event we would welcome her co-operation. Our work is difficult enough and we need every one of goodwill living nearby to come in and help.

B. RICHARDSON
Chairman
Powis & Colville Residents Association
31 Colville Square W11

GREEK PRISONERS

SIR, – May we draw the attention of your readers to the continued suffering of Greek political prisoners and, in particular, to the conditions suffered by doctors and other health workers on the island of Antikythera?

The prisoners on this Greek island had been separated from the larger number of non-health workers on Agios Efstratios, with the result that the latter cannot benefit from their services. Now, the prisoners on Antikythera tell us, they are living in miserable huts which are not even watertight, and are deprived of the meagre subsistence allowance given to most of such prisoners. Moreover, they are not even allowed to buy food from the village shops, nor fish from the fishermen. The villagers are, we are told, afraid to speak to the prisoners even in cases of illness urgently requiring medical help.

Letters written to the Greek government have produced no explanation of these reports, let alone denials. We can only assume, therefore, that these reports are true in every particular. We sincerely hope that your readers will join us in pressing the Greek government to save these unhappy people immediately from their intolerable suffering.

FRANK ALLAUN, FENNER BROCKWAY, DINGLE FOOT, W. J. OWEN, LESLIE PLUMMER, R. W. SORENSEN, BARNETT STROSS
House of Commons

LADY CHATTERLEY'S TRIUMPH

SIR, – For the record, I think your correspondent Mr James Hemming should be reminded that three distinguished clergymen of the Church of England (one of them a Bishop) played a part in Lady Chatterley's triumph. This makes nonsense of his thesis that the Church seems 'quite unaware' of the new and more wholesome morality of sex. It makes one wonder whether he knows that parish clergymen everywhere have been trying for most of this generation to teach a Christian morality of sex not very different from the one he so exuberantly proclaims as 'new'.

Naturally we believe in marriage, but so apparently does Mr Hemming. The exceptions who earnestly choose to live in sin had their panegyric and their epitaph in Ibsen's *Ghosts*, and we need not trouble them at this late date.

ALFRED JOWETT
The Vicarage
60 Thorne Road, Doncaster

EVERT LUNDQUIST

SIR, – I accept Andrew Forge's censure for a piece of ambiguous expression in my writing and, at the same time, endorse everything he says regarding Mr Holden's enthusiastic role in promoting Evert Lunquist's recognition here. I do not however see how he could have inferred from what I wrote that I considered that artists who work *à la Bomberg* (those he lists amongst others) were 'soft' just because they assisted in this recognition or because they pointed to Lundquist's authority.

It is their works, which we have seen around London in the past, which now appear soft in the face of the sort of authoritative statements that Lunquist presents to us. After all 'toughness' is the dominant rhetoric of the Bomberg style of painting – low-toned, earthy colours, the *brût* of their paint – in contrast to Lundquist who can embrace a taste for soft forms in pictures whose effect is one of strength. It is a question of achievement and it does not reduce my admiration for what Bomberg artists are trying to do nor my pleasure in their success when they do it. A comparison between the Lundquist

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exhibition and those artists is inevitable – their mutual recognition makes it so. If it is unfair to compare occasional appearances from them with the compact impression of a one-man show, the unfairness is in the situation not in me.

KEITH SUTTON

Lower Richmond Road, SW19

AN OPIATE OF THE PEOPLE

SIR, – In a letter to *The Times* Sir Robert Fraser has replied to criticisms of the ITA ban on advertising by the *Daily Worker* which have appeared in the NEW STATESMAN and elsewhere. He invites us to make a 'page-by-page comparison' of the *Daily Worker* with other newspapers, and so to satisfy ourselves that its objects are 'wholly or mainly political'.

I have made this comparison, and, using a method of calculating in percentages similar to that by which Sir Robert has so often proved that ITV is primarily a cultural institution, I find that the *Daily Worker* is mainly concerned to promote addiction to one of the most insidious of capitalist opiates; for nearly 25 per cent of its space – a far higher proportion than in any other newspaper – is devoted to sport.

TOM DRIBERG

House of Commons

THE KIBBUTZ GIRL

SIR, – I must apologise to your Israeli reader, who pointed out that in my article 'The Kibbutz Girl' I made a mistake in describing the picture on the half-pound Israeli banknotes. Visitors to Israel, as Mr Kadman is doubtless aware, are requested not to take any of the currency out of the country when they leave, and therefore I had to rely on memory. Although they do not do so on banknotes, the girl conscripts (to which group the girl in question belongs) are trained in the use of such weapons – no doubt to good effect. This, of course, was the source of my impression.

GILLIAN TINDALL

OUT OF TUNE

SIR, – Your correspondent, Martin Ridge, names Yeats as having a poor ear for music but an excellent ear for words. This was true also of Charles Lamb, who said that he had been practising 'God Save the King' all his life, humming it to himself in odd corners and secret places and yet, according to his friends, had still not come within several quavers of it.

G. K. Chesterton was another example of a poet with an excellent ear for words who lacked the musical ear. He tells us about this in his poem entitled 'Music' which begins,

Sounding brass and tinkling cymbal,
He that made me sealed my ears,
And the pomp of gorgeous noises,
Waves of triumph, waves of tears.
Thundered empty round and past me,
Shattered, lost for evermore,
Ancient gold of pride and passion,
Wrecked like treasure on a shore.

G. ANTHONY LYNCH

Worcester Park

GEORGE PADMORE

SIR, – Will any of your readers who have any correspondence from or concerning George Padmore, or any recollections of his work, assist me? I wish to write his biography, but he left few papers behind. There are many gaps in my knowledge of the life of one who did much to help liberate Africa from colonialism.

DOROTHY PADMORE

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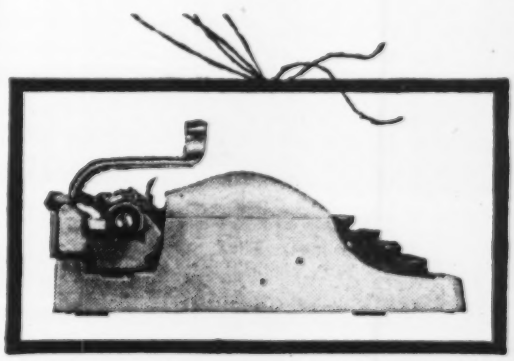

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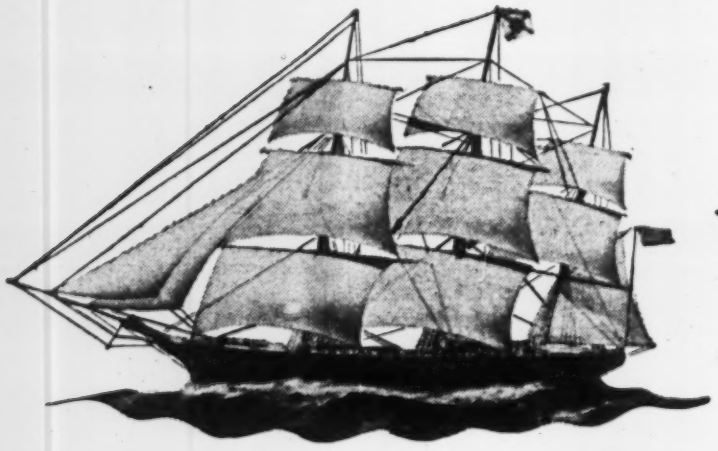


What is news?

Once upon a time, it was simply events:

the formation of cabinets,

the movement of shipping,

the manoeuvres of armies.

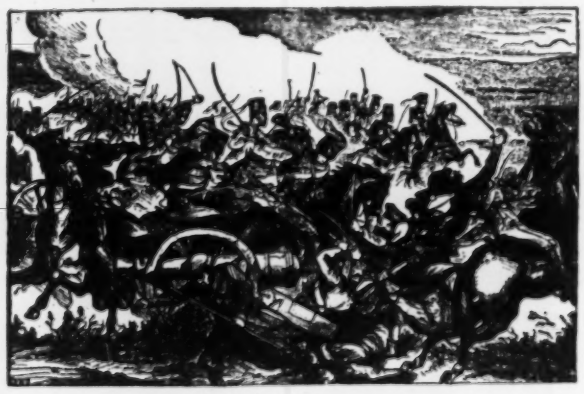
Papers of a hundred years back

make solid reading.

The Crimean War,

besides an epic poem a

a military



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THE WEEKLY DISPATCH.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 27, 1801.

sing service, produced a new approach to reporting. William Russell, the famous correspondent of the London "Times" thought it relevant to describe the misery of individuals as well as the strategy of generals.

For just about the first time a distant war became real.

What is news?

Through the Northcliffe era the idea gained currency that it was people. People created strikes, revolutions, climates of opinion. Individual people ruled countries,

mies or votes. People, in fact, shaped events. And, of

lence the excitement and significance of Television.

l of a crowd or revealing the personal idiosyncracies of the

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ding house to a Middle East in ferment, from the Refugee

ustoms and western influences in Japan, Associated-Rediffusion's

lism helps to make sense of the baffling world of today.

Here indeed is an opportunity for better understanding.

N

A book for Christmas

The Contest at Paca
MARC SIMONT

The amusing story of the argument between a soldier and a student which reached such proportions that the whole town joined in. Illustrated on every page by the author. 9/6

Pepe Moreno and the Dilapidated Donkey
ERIC ALLEN

Another story about the Spanish shoe-shine boy, and the hilarious attempts of he and an English girl to rescue an old donkey. Drawings by David Knight. 9/6

Marianne & Mark
CATHERINE STORR

A book for young teenagers about the problems of growing up, jobs, boyfriends, and the attitudes of adults. With drawings by Marjorie-Ann Watts. 13/6

Puptents & Pebbles
WILLIAM JAY SMITH

"A first-rate nonsense ABC, spiritedly illustrated by Juliet Keypes. These ingenious jingles will soon trip lightly off the young reader's tongue." *The Scotsman* 10/6

Drummers of Dreams
REINER ZIMNIK

A magical legend about a search for a new life, a subtle tragi-comedy for older children. With drawings throughout by the author. 12/6

Basil Chimpy's Comic Light
AARON JUDAH

More stories about the lovable litle chimp who proves that it isn't clever to be too bright. With drawings by Sheila Hawkins. 8/6

Your Book of Furniture
MOLLY HARRISON

The history of furniture by the curator of the Geffrye Museum. With illustrations by Sheila Maguire. 8/6

FABER

CHILDREN'S BOOKS – II

Where They Start Reading

The Magic Chalk. By ZINKEN HOPP and GIAN BERTO VANNI. *Edmund Ward.* 21*s.*

Old Winkle and the Seagulls. By ELIZABETH and GERALD ROSE. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Nu Dang and his Kite. By JACQUELINE AYER. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Rabbits' Wedding. By GARTH WILLIAMS. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Chanticleer and the Fox. Retold by BARBARA COONEY. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Three Happy Lions. By LOUISE FATIO. *Bodley Head.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Harry the Dirty Dog. By GENE ZION and M. B. GRAHAM. *Bodley Head.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

James and the Rain. By KARLA KUSKIN. *Lutterworth.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Something for Christmas. By PALMER BROWN. *Constable.* 5*s.*

Taste, like language and modes of diet, is imposed from the outside, on the infant edge of youth. It soon sets fast. But even those who are conscious of this cannot be sure what pictures are *good* in their picture books for the young. The present group, all admittedly published by nicer publishers for children of nicer parents, does show a remarkable range; and all, I think, are acceptable at the separate levels of ready pleasure and taste. (I note, by the way, not a single mild British elf, not a single Disney gnome.) Words receive less attention, which is sad, for at this stage they make much impact and are remembered long. And need it be said that verse that is meant to be verse should scan.

By far the most ambitious of the lot is *The Magic Chalk,* which comes from Norway; its witch, its troll and its vain princess have indeed an engaging Scandinavian homeliness. The story itself is long, as these stories go, and has many surprising turns. Finding a witch's chalk, little Jon draws a boy who comes to life: a companion, though a crotchety one, and together they go forth. The pictures keep up the excitement; they also supply it. Mostly they are in chalk, against black or some brighter base; but sometimes the ground is a photographed scene—classical marble pillars, for instance, against which the nonsensical creatures gambol and prance. Sometimes the artist paints; sometimes he reproduces old woodcuts. In both the pictures and story there is plenty to look at, plenty to think about for quite a long time.

Among shorter books (which means the rest of the list) I would place very highly *Old Winkle and the Seagulls,* whose colourful pictures and story have not only humour but a kind of imaginative depth which invites you to look again. The other fishermen laugh at Old Winkle for being so kind to the gulls. But when the fish disappear, whose is the only boat to come back full? The illustrations have a bold attack – full of contemporary colour and dash – but the subjects *ask* to be recognised: waves, fish, seagulls, cliff edge, railway station, things to eat.

Nu Dang and his Kite, which is set in Siam, is very attractive indeed in its Eastern way. A little boy (Nu Dang) goes out with other little Siamese boys to sail their decorative kites. His own is lost, and he travels down the river to look for it. Cultivated parents no less than philistine children should be pleased with the fine pen-and-ink line drawings, full of agreeable detail, and washed in with shades of raspberry, orange, flame and ice-cream pink. One could wish in passing that the recurring line 'Nu Dang was *just* that happy' had been emended for English use.

The Rabbits' Wedding is a delightful book by any standards – well, *almost* any, for it was, as it happens, banned in certain southern states of America. It tells, in entirely non-zoological terms, of the friendship, courtship and wedding of a black rabbit and a white. The large pages show them playing in a spacious grassy landscape of flowers and trees. This background vista, precise yet dreamlike in its grey-green, white and black, has a Chinese delicacy; it is curious to see how the creatures themselves, though drawn with literal care, reflect exactly the moods of pensive anxiety and hope.

Chanticleer and the Fox has the best text of all, for it comes, pretty nearly, from Chaucer's Nun's Priest's Tale. The imaginative coloured pictures are plain and clear; their slightly formal quality is in keeping with the medieval scene. And it ends with a useful little moral: beware of flattery. What could be better? I thoroughly recommend this elegant book.

The French seem to do these things with a particularly stylish lunacy, as you can see in *The Three Happy Lions.* Two lion parents in a zoo discuss what careers are open to their well-bred and gifted little son. He tries out several before finding one that is nice and congenial to all. Men and lions are presented with extreme good nature and kindliness. The pictures are cheerful and sympathetic, with evocative French scenery in the background. *Harry the Dirty Dog* is a comedy of the domestic kind, whose humour is touched by moments of clownish pathos. The pictures are vigorous and simple, outlined with a thick dark line; they are often very funny. Harry is a white dog with an agreeably silly face. He likes everything except having a bath – and finally buries the scrubbing brush. Alas – when he returns from a delicious day with chums in the mud and coal, the family does not recognise him. Until – are you able to guess?

James and the Rain, being designed like the old counting songs, has much to occupy its readers or listeners. James, aged something like four, goes out to enjoy the rain with a large umbrella. Joining him, page by page, are a cow, two ducks, three toads, four birds (what kind?), five dogs, and more of others. It is written in pleasant running verse and has very fresh clean pictures: you can count not only the creatures but, if you want, the thousands of drops of rain. 'It looked like it would rain all day' might have been mended, but I have no other complaint.

Nursery books are either larger than most or very small. *Something for Christmas* is very small – a charming little object. It is told in terms of mice, those creatures so favoured in nursery lore, so little loved in life. Its opening invites. 'What are you doing, dear?' 'It is a secret.' Its ending assures – the extremely young, at any rate, and their mothers, who may like to know that the concept of mother-love is also a support of the female domestic mouse.

NAOMI LEWIS

The Tune and the Fiddler

The Penny Fiddle. By ROBERT GRAVES. *Cassell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Poems which make a lasting appeal to children are usually possessed of certain contradictory qualities. The essence of childhood is wonder – the faculty of seeing things for the first time. Everything is new, nothing commonplace. A poem must have surprise and at the same time inevitability. It must appear the most natural and acceptable thing in the world and yet retain its marvellousness.

As I was a-hoeing, a hoe-ing my lands,
Six badgers walked up, with white wands in their hands.
They formed a ring round me and, bowing, they said:
'Hurry home, Farmer George, for the table is spread!
There's pie in the oven, there's beef on the plate:
Hurry home, Farmer George, if you would not be late!'
So homeward went I, but could not understand
Why six fine dog-badgers with white wands in hand
Should seek me out hoe-ing and bow in a ring,
And all to inform me so common a thing!

The ability to create true nursery rhymes – which is not a talent for pastiche, than which nothing reveals itself more promptly – is one which Robert Graves has long possessed. Is it because he did not feel it to have the true Mother Goose flavour that he did not include another rhyme which I have always found delightful – *The Pumpkin*? The humour in children's verse is inconsequential and must never appear clever or contrived. Inevitability and authority are also demanded. A child may read Mr Graves's *King Stephen* (here rewritten, not altogether satisfactorily, as *Jock O' Binnorie*) with complete trust in the authenticity of the tale. The grotesque must be made not to appear extravagant.

Hard by lived a vain man,
So vain and so proud
He would walk on stilts
To be seen by the crowd.
Up above the chimney pots,
Tall as a mast;
And all the people ran about
Shouting till he passed.

The impersonality of ballad literature is another essential: a rhyme for children must be as objective, as immediate in its attraction, as the wild flowers, pebbles and other oddments which children collect and discard with such purposeful aimlessness. The sense of intimacy which such things acquire while they last is bestowed on them by the child's own needs. It is not intrinsic.

Allie, call the birds in,
The birds from the sky!
Allie calls, Allie sings,
Down they all fly:
First there came
Two white doves,
Then a sparrow from her nest,
Then a clucking bantam hen,
Then a robin red-breast.

A poem such as *Allie*, which possesses most of the requirements I have mentioned, must surely be among the permanent possessions of childhood. A child may read it as if he had known it always: it becomes a piece of personal folklore, so that he cannot remember the time before he knew it.

The gift of writing in this spirit is likewise, in a sense, impersonal: it is an inheritance rather than an accomplishment. It is this,

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ELISABETH SHEPPARD-JONES
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J. KERR HUNTER
A complete handbook to this most exhilarating of pastimes clearly describing the types of sailing craft, their gear, handling and navigation, knots, etc. Illustrated.
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H. E. MARSHALL 'It has 522 pages, and each page is larger than usual . . . There are some fine pictures in the spirit of the book . . . Beg, borrow or buy this book.' *BBC Children's Hour* Profusely illustrated. 30*s*

Tinka and His Friends
BROWNIE DOWNING *and* JOHN MANSFIELD
John Mansfield's imaginative story and the full-colour illustrations by Brownie Downing, the brilliant Australian artist, reveal for children the magical world of Tinka, an aboriginal boy, and his friends the kangaroo, the bandicoot, the koala bear and Shelley, the little fair-haired girl. 12*s* 6*d*

Thorntree Meadows
ROGER NETT An enchanting trio of heroes, pig, hippopotamus and aardvark, have pleasant adventures in their leisurely world.
The book follows Beatrix Potter's example of paying children the compliment of believing they are not to be put off by unfamiliar words, and has had a wonderful reception in America. This beautiful story is illustrated in line and colour by JOHN NASH. 9*s* 6*d*

perhaps, which Mr Graves is saying in his title poem: it is not he, he implies, who draws music from the fiddle he bought, but a gypsy girl (an impersonal child of nature), who discovers and will not part with its secret. But Mr Graves, of course, is as nimble a fiddler as ever wound his way through a jig or a morris tune, and while children enjoy the music, adults may admire the dexterity and resourcefulness of his technique.

Edward Ardizzone has illustrated the book with lavish and affectionate care, in his most engaging vein. Among many notable drawings I would mention especially the one of the vain man high on his stilts above the staring crowd. Mr Ardizzone contributes a note of wistful gravity, by which even these poems are enhanced.

JAMES REEVES

Waning Magic

The Tiger's Whisker. By HAROLD COURLANDER. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Weirdstone of Brisingamen. By ALAN GARNER. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Goose Girl. By MURIEL HOOPER. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Cherry Stones. By RUTH AINSWORTH. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Sam Pig Goes to the Seaside. By ALISON UTTLEY. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Modern magic is not very potent, judging by this season's crop of books for children. It may be logical that as human power develops mechanically, so must the belief in supernatural power diminish; but magic will always remain an imaginative adventure on quite a different plane, and one that is essential to every child's growth. The writers are certainly feeling some sort of resistance, for of all the 11 books I had to choose from on the subject only two showed real conviction. The first of these consisted of oriental tales, made up long before the scientific rot set in. It is a book that I shall keep, for both the stories and the illustrations of *The Tiger's Whisker* are alive and unhackneyed. They are about snakes and wrestlers and fig trees and, of course, tigers; they are about eating and trickery and trying to play musical instruments; such things as children understand, described clearly and humorously.

The pictures by Enrico Arno are decorative and always illustrate the story, which is more than can be said for the majority of pictures in other books. Indeed, with all the concern that is shown today for children's needs, I wonder how the standard has sunk so low. Such a collection of wishy-washy, scritchy-scratchy drawings, without aim or atmosphere, I have never seen before. Certainly the real collapse became apparent just after the war when Andrew Lang's *Violet Fairy Book* was reprinted with pictures of an anaemia that was incredible, as against the standard which had been set by the Victorian edition. But I think that much of the present trouble comes from over-anxiety on the part of publishers about being in Good Taste. It has been forgotten that, at worst, children appreciate honest vulgarity rather than dishonest refinement.

The second book that has vitality is *The Weirdstone of Brisingamen.* It is about wicked elfin people called svarts and stromkarls and lyblacs, who live in the lonely hills of Cheshire. The book is crammed with bad spells and is often quite frightening. When the two children, who unknowingly carry the Weirdstone, are chased by svarts through the underground tunnels of a deserted mine it is marvellously gloomy and exciting. Alan Garner, the author, is at his best writing of night and dark water, dells deep in leaf mould and smells created by evil spirits.

> A cold, clammy air drifted against Gowther's face, and with it a smell so strange, so unwholesome, and unexpected that a knot of fear tightened in his stomach. It was the smell of stagnant water and damp decay. It filled his nostrils and choked his lungs, and, for a moment, Gowther imagined he was being sucked down into the depths of a black swamp, old and wicked in time.

Mr Garner overdoes it at times. Names like Drochs, Muroch and Esenaroth pile up on the pages bewilderingly. But the story is ferocious and deeply felt.

The Goose Girl is a dainty rehash of the original tale spread over 100 pages. It has been refined for the modern tot so that there shall be no horrors to set off a psychic trauma. The horse's head is not cut off and nailed over the archway to drip blood and speaks its tragic rhyme. A duck called Mrs Wibble Wobble has been imported. The loneliness of the sad princess driving her geese out under the town gate is lost because she has lots of animals to chat with. The sting has been plucked: it is a nice tale now.

The best new fairy stories come from *Cherry Stones,* respectably written, with kings and beautiful maidens who have satisfactorily conventional feelings about each other. These are neat and honest stories. The kind of whimsy that offends me comes with *Sam Pig goes to the Seaside.* Such priggishly moral little tales can be heard on the air when *Listen with Mother* has got into a rather depressed condition.

ANNABEL FARJEON

All Brawn

The Kit Carson Story. By GEOFFREY BOND. *Arco.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Buccaneer Explorer. By RONALD SYME. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Jimmy the One. By JOHN WINGATE. *Newnes.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Dangerous Waters. By ERIC LEYLAND. *Oldbourne.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A Warning to Earth. By JOHN TOWNSEND. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Wild West; the Rolling Deep; World War Two; the Moon. It sounds like the Walter Mitty country, and not even our hero himself could cope more effectively with implacable Comanches, Venusians or gigantic SS men. But this is the other Cloud Cuckoo Land, the masculine, hard-riding (horse, submarine or rocket-ships) world of the boys' adventure story. The morality is still that of the straight left; the heroes are still indebted to Sapper and Samuel Smiles. To succeed, one must keep fit, work hard at one's craft, and above all, take regular exercise. Indeed, if one is to survive more than a couple of chapters in the books under review, the constitution, strength and courage of a mad elephant are almost obligatory. A lack of interest in all but the narrowest issues of morality would not come amiss either.

The Kit Carson Story, for example, makes it abundantly clear that these qualities applied in fact as well as fiction. He was a trapper, a game-hunter, a waggon-boss on the Santa Fé Trail, and scout to Charles Fremont. He was a lifelong illiterate, and rose to become a brigadier-general in the United States Army; as a tracker and plainsman he was without rival. So far so good, Mr Bond describes Carson's adventures in stirring if hackneyed prose. The trouble lies with the Indians. Every other aspect of the story is presented in such black and white terms that the Indians, bewildered, trusting, savage by turns, mistake their role and appear as humane beings.

In *The Buccaneer Explorer,* Mr Syme also tries his hand at biography. His subject is William Dampier, and his fascinating history is extremely well told. Mr Syme seems a little too indulgent to the buccaneers of the Caribbean, but his account of Dampier's three voyages round the world, and in particular the voyage of the *Duke and Duchess* which captured the Manila treasure galleon, makes first-class reading for the 11 to 15-year-old, as does the character of Dampier himself.

Jimmy the One deals with submarine patrols in the Mediterranean during the Second World War. The first lieutenant of the title is Peter Sinclair, an earnest, determined young man whose story of 'courage, loyalty, high endeavour and endurance' – I quote from the blurb – '. . . will appeal to . . . young adults.' Very young adults, say of 13 or 14, may find constant action sufficient compensation for an almost total absence of characterisation and a prose style dense with naval slang. But even a *very* young adult might feel mildly outraged by the staginess of Mr Wingate's foreigners – Germans, Irishmen and the like. The explosions, however, are simply splendid, and the claustrophobic horror of being in a submarine under attack is far more convincing than anything else in this uneven book.

Another sea story is *Dangerous Waters,* the Merchant Navy this time. It has two intrepid heroes, Bill Davis and Mike Jack-

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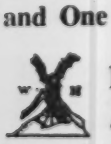

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son, apprentices with a stern code and a high survival factor, who rescue passengers from drowning, chase bank-robbers and recapture a ship taken over by master crooks. Mr Leyland is rather prone to the 'at one bound Jack was free' solution to his heroes' predicaments, but his story gallops along and his heroes are credible individuals, apart from an alarming lack of interest in girls. Younger teenagers will enjoy this one.

A Warning to Earth seemed to me excellent. Andy and Tom, one Grammar, the other Secondary Modern, find themselves involved in a rocket-trip to the moon, and with sinister Venusians like animated trees. It's exciting, fast-moving and the characters remain obstinately credible, even when the Venusians threaten to blow up Earth and the Prime Ministers calls a meeting of world statesmen before it's too late. A 12 to 15-year-old would find it very acceptable.

JAMES MITCHELL

Far-Away Places

The Boy Who Wanted to Go Fishing. By GERALDINE KAYE. *Methuen.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

The Two Uncles of Pablo. By HARRY BEHN. *Macmillan.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Red Moon and High Summer. By HERBERT KAUFMANN. *Methuen.* 18*s.*

Grandmother's Journey. By EDITH UNNERSTAD. *Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Boy Who Wanted to Go Fishing is set in Malaya. It is a good book for reading aloud. It presents in simple language certain Malay customs and folk tales, though I found the mixture of tenses, switching from past to present, a little irritating; but this should not worry a six-year-old. It is delightfully drawn and beautifully printed, a very pleasant book to handle, points which weigh more with children than one would think.

The Two Uncles of Pablo is another book for reading aloud, preferably by a knowledgeable adult who can explain what a serape is, and that when Americans talk about corn they do not mean oats, wheat, rye or barley, but maize. The setting, although it is never mentioned, I take to be Mexico, and concerns small Pablo's efforts to learn to read, reform his old rogue of an Uncle Silvan, and cheer up his melancholy Uncle Don Francisco.

In spite of the information that *Red Moon and High Summer* won a children's book prize in Germany and is being published throughout Europe I was unimpressed. It is a travel book strung on a made-up story about real people whose photographs are in the book. The style is pretentious and cliché-ridden, and reminds me of those ill-translated Russian novels – 'the moujik sprang into the droshki and raced down the prospekt, bumped into a troika, etc.' But there are very good accounts of Toureg habits and customs and good descriptions of little-known territory. For my liking it is a little too full of Germanic-type violence both to men and animals.

Grandmother's Journey seems to me the best of this bunch. It tells of the journey a Swedish grandmother took early in the century with her daughter and grandson, which led them to Finland, Russia and back again to Sweden. The book has the feel of the period and deserves to become a children's classic. These people were workers in hair and made their journey, as generations of Swedish country women had done before them, in order to earn money and save the home croft. The adventures of the boy Anders, the people he met, their difficulties overcome by the wisdom and commonsense of grandmother are extremely good reading and they open up new territory for a child's imagination. The illustrations, however, are muzzy and depict unimportant moments. I should like to have seen a detailed picture of a sample of hair work, and a sketch map of the journey. The translation is by Lilian Seaton: the book might have been written in English.

JANET HITCHMAN

Lives of Great Men

The Girl Called Moses. By ANN PETRY. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Living Artists of the Eighteenth Century. By W. R. DALZELL. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

Sir Julian Huxley. By RONALD W. CLARK. *Phoenix.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Young Brontës. By PHYLLIS BENTLEY. *Parrish.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Young Lawrence of Arabia. By JAMES CADELL. *Parrish.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The adventures of children or of blue-jacketed rabbits are so clearly for children that the adult reader can judge them in relation to their special public. But the achievements of great men and women exist where the grown-up and children's worlds overlap, and then one may be tempted to read with adult reference only. Obliviously I read *The Girl called Moses* by Ann Petry. But, looking back, I am sure that what enthralls the adult reader will do the same for children: this book is a really good biography, in every sense – and it is also very well illustrated.

The story is of Harriet Tubman, an escaped American Negro slave, who devoted herself to smuggling others along the Underground Railroad to the North and freedom – a Moses leading his people piecemeal out of bondage. She is, indeed, a mixture of Moses, Joan of Arc, the Scarlet Pimpernel, and – above all – herself. The account is vivid and often tensely dramatic, but never sensational; the reader feels the author's care for documented material and her respect for humanity.

Again, there is adult as well as children's interest in W. R. Dalzell's *Living Artists of the Eighteenth Century* – ten of them, ranging from Hogarth to Goya. Their lives are told in terms of their achievement, with knowledgeable and crystal-clear explanations of technical problems. The line-drawn illustrations of these are useful; the line-drawn portraits much less so; and the reproductions – one per artist, with an extra, brightly coloured one for Gainsborough – ludicrously inadequate in number. Rightly, Mr Dalzell wishes his readers to study the originals; but this is so often impossible, particularly for children. The author himself seems defeated by the problem. Of a Goya oil-painting he says, 'You may get just the faintest echo of this splendour from the small colourless reproduction in this book.' Why, then, not insist on reproductions of Goya's black and white work *as well?*

Biography is brought right up to date in *Sir Julian Huxley* by Ronald W. Clark. There are even blank pages at the end, headed 'What happens next?', for the boy with an eager pencil stump. The account will appeal to older children becoming interested not only in Pets' Corner but in biology in its widest human implications. Mr Clark arranges his complex material clearly, and has the good sense to quote his subject extensively and illuminatingly. There is a charming account – to be added to lighter sex-instruction for human young – of herons 'necking':

> The long necks are so flexible that they can and do make a complete single turn round each other – a real true-lover's knot. This once accomplished, each bird then – most wonderfully of all – runs its beak quickly and amorously through the just raised aigrettes of the other, again and again, nibbling and clappering them from base to tip. Of this I can only say that it seemed to bring such a pitch of emotion that I could have wished to be a Heron that I might experience it.

A superficially appropriate way of appealing to children is through 'famous childhoods.' This justifies itself in Phyllis Bentley's *The Young Brontës*, but for special reasons. First, so much of the Brontës' childhood is directly relevant to their adult literary work. Second, Miss Bentley is the right person to write such a book. She has a respect for all the documents, a loving familiarity with the Yorkshire background, and the novelist's gift of credible re-creation.

But childhoods of the great can make unsuitable reading for children. The Middle Eastern exploits of T. E. Lawrence may be popular with boys, but the man's psychology, traced back into childhood, is far too debatable and adult in implication. James Cadell, in *The Young Lawrence of Arabia*, makes do with some boyish daredevilry in North Oxford and with speculations such as, 'Was this chance, or Destiny, or something still stranger?' and the old 'Who would have guessed that . . .'

PHILIPPA PEARCE

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VISTA BOOKS

Young Grown-Ups

Sisters and Brothers. By STELLA WEAVER. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Flowering Spring. By ELFRIDA VIPONT. *Oxford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Marianne and Mark. By CATHERINE STORR. *Faber.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The House in Turner Square. By ANN THWAITE. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Leave It to Lisa. By SYBIL BURR. *Murray.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Elephant War. By GILLIAN AVERY. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Lillipilly Hill. By ELEANOR SPENCE. *Oxford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

I am very encouraged by this new crop of stories for girls. Their young heroines are no longer stereotyped creatures whose emotions are centred on their ponies or their schools; they are different, likable people all showing a spot of gumption about the process of growing up.

Best of the bunch I like *Sisters and Brothers.* A refugee girl is taken into a Cornish doctor's family, and by a series of plausible chances the children are left to fend for themselves for several weeks. The original three have to bear the brunt of their new sister's vagaries, to understand her twisted ideas, and to organise a search when she ups and runs away. In so doing they mature; they are forced to examine their old assumptions, and to reflect on what life is about and on how to tackle it best. These children are natural and sane, and the Cornish cliffs and landscapes are vividly and eerily described – my only warning, in fact, would be that if you give this book to a sensitive niece you might drop her a hint that the mood of latent danger leads on at last to triumph.

'The trouble is, we've got far too many relations', says young Laura of *Flowering Spring* rather sadly half way through, and if you are new to Miss Vipont's Haverard books you too may find this a snag. There are so many names and faces to be mastered at the start. But do make the effort. It is well worth while. Laura and her brother hold fast to their own ideas of a career – the stage for her, a farm for him – in spite of their parents' plans; but they, too, mellow in the process, and the unobtrusive Quaker background gives a wholesome and gentle touch.

Marianne and Mark takes a shy 14-year-old into the company of those who are growing up more quickly, and who shame her into trying to force her pace. Left bracingly alone by a progressive uncle and aunt she runs into muddled despair, but then she meets the sensible Mark and she sorts herself out by the end. For this again, high praise. There must be many girls, some perhaps anxious or shy, who will read it with sympathy and profit and relief. *The House in Turner Square,* on the other hand, should appeal to those who have not yet reached the tensions and miseries of the early boy-friend stage. Two schoolgirls dig out the history of an old block of houses, and their outlook widens as they catch the lingering excitement of a decaying Georgian square.

Leave It to Lisa is cheerful and naive. It is written as the diary of a secondary-modern child whose mother goes off to a new job and parks her in a third-rate boarding house somewhere on the coast. The whole thing is very well done. You can smell the kippers, hear

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10/6

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Lisa's accent, admire her simplicity and guts.

The last two stories are set in the past. Harriet in *The Elephant War* lives in Victorian Oxford and is involved in the mass campaign to save poor Jumbo from a fate across the seas. The story swings amusingly along, and at times it verges on farce, but there remains the serious thread of Harriet's attempts to be herself, against the dominating influences of a strait-laced mother and a crackpot aunt. *Lillipilly Hill* goes back to the pioneering days of the bush of New South Wales. Harriet (same name, different child) responds to its challenge, and though her mother longs for the ordered gentility they have left behind them at home, it all works out in the end.

JENNIFER BOURDILLON.

Presents from Russia

When the bookseller has taken his cut, the price of these picture-books (distributed by Central Books), can barely cover the cost of fetching them all the way from Russia, so there are some bargains to be picked up here – unless someone declares them black, or the Government is unprincipled enough to put a tariff on (heavily subsidised) imported literature, or the bookseller rubs out the pencilled official price (1s for paper-backs up to 48 pages, 5s for 104 pages bound, usually stuffed with pictures in full colour) and trebles it to bring it into line with the rest of his (unsubsidised) stock.

But, apart from economics, what are Russian picture-books like? If one can generalise from the 14 in this batch (and there is no room to particularise about them all), the stories are mostly traditional tales about animals, folk-tales from Georgia and the Ukraine to the far north, a nursery-rhyme about a magpie, poems by Pushkin and Yershov (*The Fisherman and the Goldfish* and *The Little Humpbacked Horse*) and some stories by Tolstoy. Only in *The Gift*, a cut-along-the-dotted-line book of toys and puzzles, is there a ghost of a hint of what sort of lives Russian children live today. There is much less propaganda than one would notice in a comparable batch of books from America. In *Chestnut-Grey* the youngest son marries the princess in the end; and while the stories have morals, they are not particularly Marxist morals, even if the translations sometimes sound like Communist clichés. 'Such loafers and do-nothings,' *The Ear of Corn* concludes, 'should not be treated to cakes.'

The illustrations are always competent and fairly well-printed, but none too original. (They could have come from any part of the continent at any time since 1920.) They are, however, almost always better than the text – even when it is written by Tolstoy. His version, for instance, of *The Three Bears* is strictly traditional, but V. Lebedev's pictures are perfect and could never be bettered. Russians, as the Moscow State Circus has shown, understand bears as no one else does, and here the house, the chairs and the rough log beds made up with blankets of furs could obviously have been built only by those shaggy shambling sharp-toothed beasts – a most refreshing change from English dolls' house whimsy. The quiet serious pictures (especially the Eskimo-eyed children in *Ayoga*) are by far the most attractive. Those which are meant to be funny (such as *Picture Stories*, a comic-strip compendium, and *What a Goose!* and *Merry Pictures*, which are good ideas crudely treated) sometimes have an unlovely touch of satire like an infant *Krokodil*.

The texts are apt to be disappointing – poorly or even atrociously printed and indifferently translated, they are rarely worthy of the pictures. Prose is usually safe – especially if the author is as lucid as Tolstoy and the translator as experienced as Ivy Litvinov. But the Foreign Languages Publishing House really ought to know that only a genius can translate a nursery rhyme, that its staff translators cannot be trusted to turn Yershov or Pushkin into good English octosyllabics whether rhymed or not, and that 70 pages of even the best octosyllabics are impossible to read aloud to small children – which is a pity, since the illustrations to *The Little Humpbacked Horse* are more than usually vivid and exciting. To employ an English poet or two should not strain the subsidy too much. Meanwhile bargain-hunters would be well advised to stick to prose.

RICHARD GARNETT

A few good books for the would-be 'arts' child: *From Drumbeat to Tickertape*, by Edward Osmond (Hutchinson, 21s) has a fascinating text about communications, and is excellently illustrated; *The World of the Pharoahs*, by Hans Baumann (Oxford, 15s) is readably packed with information and has the most beautiful colour photographs; Julian Trevelyan tells the older child about *The Artist and His World* (Gollancz, 12s 6d); *Discovering the Theatre*, by C. V. Burgess (University of London, 9s 6d) is a neatly told account of the theatre; and *Three Model Theatres*, by Roy Smith (Nelson, 12s 6d) has clear diagrams and instructions for building.

HARRAP BOOKS

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Endgame in France

V. S. PRITCHETT

Henry de Montherlant was born in 1896. He belongs to the brilliant generation of rebels on whom the label Recalcitrant and Unseizable can be fixed. 'There have been three passions in my life: independence, indifference and physical delight', he has written*; the words were sharpened in the trenches of the first World War to which we can trace his anti-romanticism and the determination to strip away the disguises of experience and to present only the 'authentic'. In *La Rose de Sable* (*Desert Love*) he wrote: 'For we should all be most suspicious of any venture of spirit or conscience which we knew had begun by being merely one of the heart'. His hostile studies of women, more particularly bourgeois women, in the pre-war novels, sprang from this mistrust of the duplicity of the heart: their speciality. Desire revitalises; love corrupts because it is corrupt in itself. In an interesting introduction Mr Quennell reminds us that the ruthless Montherlant hero used to be compared with Renaissance man. Well! Well! Nowadays he looks simply like one more writer; tough indeed, but evasively bent on self-preservation. In a long account of how he set out to make his life in his *Selected Essays*, he describes how he broke his ties with France after the First World War and went off to live anonymously and alone, in complete freedom in Algeria. He had ceased to be a Catholic; he was attracted to Spanish mysticism. Spanish critics found in him that intellectual excess which they always dislike in French culture when it seeks an exotic, foreign trellis. The essays are the work of a man of changeable and restless temper and the ones he wrote during the Thirties when Hitler was rising, are egotistical and, on the whole, silly. Where he impressed, as Mr Quennell says, is as a descriptive writer. In this volume, Montherlant's account of his irritable, defensive acquaintanceship with a Jewish soldier during the First World War is worth the rest of the book. It is at once a portrait and an exact, cold estimate of his own prejudices as a stupid young man.

Since the Second World War, Montherlant has emerged as a fine playwright. His novels seem less important. His attitude to life is interesting now only as it contributes to his wonderful descriptive power. Montherlant's descriptions are drained of personal excess and present a scene as if it were the residue left when dozens of conflicting eyes and minds have moved away from it. There is one novel which, because it lies outside his usual belligerence, begins to look like lasting. This is *The Bachelors*† (*Les Célibataires*) published in 1934 and translated by Mr Terence Kilmartin. It is one of those carefully framed, precise and acid studies on a small canvas in which French writers again and again excel. The small becomes vast. Cosiness vanishes from cosy corners. Eccentricity is seen to be tragic. Two absurd old men cease to be only absurd; their comedy is dreadful. Their tale contains one of the repressed subjects of our time, one of the subjects that has in fact been secreted while our society has been devoting itself to 'independence, indifference and physical delight', for Montherlant's three passions were not peculiar to him; they are principles that, by now, have taken possession of two generations. The subject is old age.

The two bachelors are an elderly uncle and his nephew, the survivors of a family of the Breton nobility who share a little house in filth and poverty in the Boulevard Arago. We meet the older one standing outside a lighted shop window reading a newspaper with the help of a stamp collector's magnifying glass. He looks like a tramp. His clothes date back to the fashions of 1885; his overcoat and all his clothes are fastened by safety pins, his boots are tied with string. His pockets contain an old crust of bread, two lumps of sugar, bits of tobacco, solid bread pellets and a beautiful gold watch with his coat of arms on it. He is Elie de Coëtquidan, a baron. At home, he sleeps in a filthy bed. He is hysterically devoted to cats. He is a keen remover of stamps from envelopes. He has fits of writing scandalous anonymous letters for he delights in causing trouble. He is avaricious and dishonest. The only secret in his life is that he is a virgin; but since his principle is to frighten his other surviving relation, a richer banker, he pretends that a Jewish lady, to whom he takes a few sausages or cakes every Saturday, has been his mistress for 30 years or more and may make claims on the family. He is maliciously trading on the family's latent anti-semitism.

The nephew, Léon de Coantrès, goes about in workman's clothes. After a promising beginning – he excelled at Latin verse, played the piano, invented a photographic enlarger – he sank into neurotic sloth. His natural direction was downhill. He loathes Society and his ideal is to be an odd-job man or labourer, fetching coal, sweeping up, polishing floors – anything that requires no thought and no worry. He has by now cut himself off from women of his own class; in any case, his love affairs had been with servants and prostitutes; the sudden disappearance of one of these for whom he had a tenderness had given him a powerful shock. For 25 years he has dreamed of her and never spoken to a woman. He washes once a fortnight. His whole life is based on a resentment of his aristocratic birth; and he suffers from the public scorn given to the French aristocracy. A clue to his neurotic condition is that his father had ruined the family and that he, the son, is being stripped, little by little, by newly-discovered creditors of the family. With bewilderment he sees his tiny income vanishing. When the novel opens we see him trying to make his uncle face up to the terrible fact that they will have to sell up and separate. The loneliness of old age is about to set in.

And here the familiar French drama of avarice and hypocrisy begins. Uncle and nephew visit lawyers and their rich relative Octave, a banker – a beautifully drawn study in the evasions of a man who covers up his dishonesties by convincing himself of his own charitableness. He insures himself by openly deceiving himself. For example, when he realises that he is about to be touched by the old gentlemen, he at once gives a largish sum to an orphanage so that he will be able to say 'in all honesty' that he has 'so many claims'. His other motive is that he is being sued by a tenant for charging an illegal rent, and the charity is a sop to his conscience. The gift is secret, yet in his idiotic way, he feels it will help his lawsuit morally!

Of the two supplicants, the malign elder is more successful. In a splendid scene he bluntly blackmails the banker with the totally unreal threat that he will go and live with his Jewish 'mistress'. He gets an allowance at once and then sits in the banker's splendid office and refuses to go, getting the utmost out of Octave's humiliation.

Being fundamentally innocent, Léon does worse. He is down to his last few francs and still the banker shuffles and evades. The household is broken up and then, suddenly, the baron reluctantly lets him live in the lodge of his summer château. The last evening of the two old men together is nearly wrecked by a small incident. The old one is rolling up a filthy bread pellet as he chatters and suddenly he stops and a wild look comes into his eyes.

> 'What is it Uncle?' asked Léon anxiously.
>
> 'I've lost my pellet', said the old man with a look of desperation. Léon got down on his hands and knees and searched with him. When he saw it, he hesitated; then he remembered that it was his last evening with his uncle and, in the name of the past, the family and his mother's memory, he picked up the ignoble object and gave it to him.

We come to the final scene where Léon goes enthusiastically to the little place of his own in the country. He will be 'away from Society', in the 'bosom of nature', 'living the life of the common people'. (Montherlant is mordant about class masochism.) He eats with the labourers at the inn who call him Monsieur le Comte for a day or two, but stop at once in terrible silence when he tells them he is poor. The minuteness of Montherlant's descriptions of a sick old man's empty days is terrible. One can count the hours. He can't think of anything to do, so he lies in bed; but once he is in bed, a log rolls off the fire or the chimney smokes and he has to get out. He begins to feel dizzy and ill.

> Like a drowning man searching desperately for something to cling on to, he wanted to concentrate on some action or other, so he snatched up a pair of nail clippers and cut

* *Selected Essays*. By HENRY DE MONTHERLANT. Trans. J. G. WEIGHTMAN. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. 21*s*.

† *The Bachelors*. By HENRY DE MONTHERLANT. Trans. TERENCE KILMARTIN. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. 15*s*.

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CHATTO & WINDUS

his nails . . . He went to look at himself in the mirror, convinced that it must show in his face that he was a sick man. But he could seen nothing abnormal in his face. He simply found it ludicrous.

Outside he can see the formations of wild geese flying away over the dunes in their autumn migration. The lines might come out of a Russian novel.

Montherlant's picture of old age is searing in its intimacy and the effect is all the more keen because he has a searching comic gift. The snobbish, negligent and dirty country doctor to whom Léon goes is a comic figure; and, back in the Paris pages, there is a brilliant short sketch of an aristocratic lady who finds Léon and pretends not to notice he is looking like a tramp, and shouts with ecstasy about his 'simple life' and how 'ravishing' it is. She would (Montherlant observes) have called *The Critique of Pure Reason* ravishing. Montherlant never skims the surface; he knows the habits of life, mind and speech of the different social classes, and especially of the aristocracy; and without labouring his points, can exactly place any word or act in its context. His sense of *milieu* is exact. His epigrams do not wear so well – it was clever in the Thirties for a novelist to make a mocking intervention; it was a dig at literature. But his irony devastates. After Léon's death, the innkeeper sends to Octave the banker a heavy bill for drinks the wretched Léon has never had; and Octave pays up willingly. He can now quieten his own conscience with the happy delusion that Léon's total failure as a human being was due to alcohol. The key to Montherlant's outlook on life is contained in an armed sentence: 'People do not do us all the harm they are capable of.' One lives in danger, on the edge of things. Montherlant's distinction is that he writes a prose that catches perfectly this sense that the course of life is perilous and unexpected.

Master of Hypochondria

How happily you sit among a host of
Cures to part-cure the ills you make the most of:
You who are many doctors, many patients
Rolled into one; who plan your permutations
With tranquilliser counteracting tonic,
Stimulant, sedative: Napoleonic
Maestro of civil war: Bach with a theme
As long as life, as lovely as a dream!

Expert in analgesics, trained in taking
Aspirin soon enough to end the aching
Anti-biotics often leave behind them,
You master pains with pains and do not mind them.

Teach me your alchemy! I'll plumb and ponder
Psychosomatic mysteries. I'll wander
Deep in your maze. I'll learn from you to study
My graph, my chart, head neither bowed nor bloody.
We'll meet in Samarkand, the golden city
Of all who play the trumpets of self-pity,
Whose hearts lament like violins above
The thunder-roll of drums men call self-love.

A. S. J. TESSIMOND

Anti-Semitism

The Saving Remnant. By HERBERT AGAR. *Hart-Davis.* 18*s.*

Racialism is a universal, anti-semitism an exclusively Christian disease – unknown among Moslems and Buddhists. As the Arab propagandists quite legitimately remind us, Zionism is a product of Christian persecution. For centuries the Jew was content to live an alien in our midst, pinning his hopes on a spiritual Return to Zion. The purely secular demand to create a nation state in Palestine was only a last desperate reaction to anti-semitism.

Of course the Jews bear their share of the blame. Hostility to the Goyim among whom they live is the other side of the shield. If every Christian is a carrier of the anti-semitic bacillus, every Jew is endemically anti-Gentile, and the unhappy relationship of Yid and Goy is only made worse by banning the obscene words from polite conversation. So long as any community with a Christian tradition remains unstable and therefore in need of a scapegoat, the Jew in its midst is in danger. In normal conditions, however, and so long as the Jews form a negligible percentage of the total population, co-existence between them and their Gentile neighbours can be achieved by dragging the inherent hostility up out of the unconscious and giving it a thorough analysis. The main reason why anti-semitism has been checked in post-war Germany is because, since Auschwitz, it is impossible for any German to deny that he is a potential anti-semite. The main reason why it is so virulent in the United States is because both the Christian and the Jewish Establishments try to smother it in a smug conspiracy of silence. Alas, that was the remedy applied by German democrats and the assimilated Jewish community before 1933 – and there is no reason to believe that the Hitlerism which destroyed the Weimar Republic, and nearly exterminated Jewry, is the last outbreak of the plague in the history of Christian man.

Anyone who suggests I am being unduly pessimistic should read *The Saving Remnant*, Herbert Agar's authoritative history of the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, the organisation charged with the task of assisting Jews in distress throughout the world. When I had finished reading it I realised how aptly he had chosen his sub-title, 'An Account of Jewish Survival since 1914.' For 'the Joint' – as it is universally known throughout Jewry – has been relieving Jewish distress wherever it occurs, and the historian of its activities becomes perforce the historian of Christian persecution, and how it finally led to the birth of Israel.

How many Christian churches would choose a practising Jew to tell their story? It was an act of imagination and courage to give a Gentile the first access to all the Joint's secret papers and urge him not to write an official record but to reach his own independent conclusions. Responding to the challenge, Mr Agar has composed one of the most remarkable pieces of contemporary history that I have read. Instead of marshalling all the facts in a neutral compilation, he has had the courage to select, synthesise and pass judgment. The result is a narrative all the more terrible for its brevity, and for its scrupulous refusal to exploit the emotional horrors that it relates. This is a book written by a Christian who is appalled by the crimes of Christianity, an American sickened by his country's

hypocrisy and a friend of the Jews who realises that friendship requires a frank acknowledgment of their shortcomings.

Mr Agar reminds us how reluctantly the Jews of Europe abandoned hope of surviving as a people without a country. After World War I the Joint spent vast sums throughout Eastern Europe in an attempt to rebuild the Jewish communities. In co-operation with the Soviet Government, for example, it successfully settled an army of Jews on the land in the Ukraine and Crimea. These Russian-Jewish agricultural co-operatives flourished – until they vanished, quite literally without a trace, under the German flood in 1941. Polish Jewry, apart from a minority of Zionists, was equally self-deluded: many millions of American dollars were vainly spent on re-establishing communities which first suffered persecution under the Poles and then, when Hitler came, waited with strange passivity their turn for extermination in the gas chambers. Only in the last death pangs of Warsaw was the spell of acquiescent fatalism broken by a flash of the pugnacity which, a few years later, was to win Israel's war of liberation.

As a Gentile observer, Mr Agar cannot restrain himself from exclaiming at the failure of so many Jews to answer the saving call of Zionism. How many lives could have been saved if all the Joint's dollars in the inter-war period had been spent on Jewish settlement in Palestine, instead of on the vain attempt to maintain communities in Eastern Europe! In retrospect, the exclamation is natural enough, as long as we admit our own share in self-deception. Until the Nazis destroyed it, we were all, Jews and Christians alike, victims of the liberal illusion. It was Hitler who first forced us to see that anti-semitism is endemic in our Christian civilisation and that the Jewish people can only survive in a country of their own.

Even Hitler, however, was not sufficient; one further element was needed for the victory of Zionism – the inhuman refusal of both the USA and Britain in 1945 to provide a home for the survivors of the gas chambers. Though 100,000 Jews were huddled in Germany, waiting for deliverance, Mr Truman made it clear that his country would not accept a single immigrant beyond the numbers permitted under the Johnson Act. Indeed, even its miserable quotas were not filled in the critical years from 1945 to 1947, when the President was insisting that the British should accept 100,000 Jews in Palestine. This American sin of omission was matched by the Bevin policy of turning Palestine into an Arab Kingdom, complete with a Jewish ghetto, and meanwhile using 100,000 British troops and most of the Royal Navy to defeat the illegal immigration. In re-telling the story of Bevin's defeat by world Jewry, Mr Agar makes one new and vitally important revelation. It was the Joint that provided the dollars to finance illegal immigration. Throughout its previous history, this ultra-respectable organisation had always strictly conformed to State Departments, avoided anything that smacked of illegality and kept the Zionists severely in their place. But, faced by the outrages of Bevinism, the Joint's conformism broke down; and these respectable American bankers and business men proceeded to organise the breaking of the British blockade.

There Mr Agar's story finishes. But already a new episode in Jewish-Christian relations has begun. The American Jews are beginning to discover that the young nation at whose birth-pangs they assisted can be an unruly, sometimes an unloving and ungrateful child.

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HAMISH HAMILTON

Once again co-existence has become the watchword and anti-semitism is regarded not as a natural spur to Zionist activity but as an unnatural violation of Christian-Jewish fellowship. Western Jewry and Western Christendom are settling down together for another period of self-deception. But there is this consolation. When the next storm breaks, the 'saving remnant' is waiting to receive the disillusioned victims.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

A Map of Thomas

Dylan Thomas: The Legend and the Poet. Edited by E. W. TEDLOCK. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*

The three best accounts of Thomas's poetry I know are Empson's review of the *Collected Poems* and *Under Milk Wood*, which appeared in this journal shortly after the poet's death, David Daiches's lecture, published in *Literary Essays*, and John Wain's essay. None of these is included in this symposium, which, frankly, is a bit of a mess, sometimes embarrassingly so. It falls, as the sub-title indicates, into two parts. As everyone knows now, Thomas the man was often impossible; he was also a great charmer. I did not know him well, but in my experience, he was a different man when you had him alone from when you met in a crowd. Then he was the actor, the Thomas Peter Quennell describes in *The Sign of the Fish* as 'a comedian in the great tradition, whose gifts of buffoonery recalled the art of that exquisite American mime, W. C. Fields.' I scarcely saw Thomas in the last years of his life, but the tone of his later work, his prose especially, suggests that this side of him was well on the way to becoming the dominant side. The 'old ham', as he called himself, was displacing the poet, and he never found it difficult to ham.

Alone with him, you realised, as Empson says, that he was a very witty man – and an extraordinarily intelligent one. Above all, you realised that when it was a question of poetry, whether his own or another's, here was a man who *knew*, knew by instinct reinforced with years of intensely practical study. Whatever else Thomas was, he was not a *naif*.

Of the 20 or so personal reminiscences in this book several are not more than obituary comments, pious tippings of the hat to departed genius, and need not have been reprinted. But three are really valuable. The composer Daniel Jones, the poet's oldest friend, recreates their schooldays together and their prolonged absorption in a fantasy-world reminiscent of that of Isherwood and Upward as described in *Lions and Shadows*. In two pages Pamela Hansford Johnson has a vivid impression of Thomas as a very young man newly come to London. And John Davenport recalls his friendship with the poet in terms which seem to me at once generous and just: this is an appreciation in the full sense of the word.

What we get nowhere in this volume is a consideration of the Thomas legend itself. This is surely a pity, for it is of great interest sociologically and has something to do with the slump in his reputation, in England especially, since his death. It was impossible to travel in America in 1955 and 1956 and not be struck by the fantastic impact Thomas had made on the United States, particularly, perhaps, among the young and their teachers in universities. He hit campus after campus like an unpredictable comet – in his brief reminiscence David Daiches admirably catches him in trajectory. What was his appeal? It must be remembered that his visits to the United States took place at a time when the American mood seemed one of sinister, or frightened, conformity. Into it came lurching, to one McCarthy-ridden campus after another, this uncouth stranger who didn't give a damn, who was almost insolently the antithesis of the man in the grey flannel suit. Something like awe was what he was repaid with; and he became the most popular poet in the English-speaking world.

No doubt it helped to kill him, by which one means that it probably shortened his life by a few years. And then, as this book shows, nothing fails like success. I think in this country the critical reaction against Thomas had already set in before his death, as John Wain's essay shows, partly because of the excessive, indiscriminate public praise he was receiving, partly because the newest poets valued qualities quite other than his blood-and-guts romanticism. It is a weakness of this book that it contains nothing from any of these poets, but they will, I think, find their spokesman in Geoffrey Grigson, who here puts the case for the prosecution. It is a formidable case and I suspect it will go on being put for as long as Thomas is read. All the same, as I read Empson and Daiches and the best of Thomas's exegetes here – W. S. Merwin, Francis Scarfe, Geoffrey Moore and Karl Shapiro – I am not completely convinced by it. I must admit I do not get the continuing pleasure from Thomas that I do from a number of his not-so-remote contemporaries. He seems to me a poet easy to fault and of very narrow range, and his technical devices often degenerate into tricks. But beyond this, I find I cannot now read or remember his verse without hearing that mighty Wurlitzer-organ voice – 'the gong booming over a sea of treacle', as G. S. Fraser calls it. The hamming actor fatally intervenes. We need a ten-years silence about Thomas. After that, one may be able to discover his poetry again.

WALTER ALLEN

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New Novels

Border Country. By RAYMOND WILLIAMS. *Chatto & Windus.* 18*s.*

This Side Jordan. By MARGARET LAURENCE. *Macmillan.* 16*s.*

Evvie. By VERA CASPARY. *W. H. Allen.* 18*s.*

Frontier of the Unknown. By HENRI QUEFFELEC. Trans. JONATHAN GRIFFIN. *Secker & Warburg.* 21*s.*

Frame for Julian. By YVONNE MITCHELL. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

Miss Mary McCarthy, who so determinedly advocates *facts* in fiction, would delight in *Border Country* which is full of facts about railways, bowling greens, bee-keeping, jam manufacture . . . all put down with that deceptively simple-looking placing which makes every detail count and please. The story, told mostly in flashback, covers the lifetime of Harry Price, a railwayman living just over the Welsh border, together with the experience of his son, a university lecturer who returns to Glynmawr when his father is dying. Price's life throughout remains undramatic, deeply independent, plain, disturbed only by the betrayals of the General Strike which, rippling out to this remote valley, are beautifully and humanly described. Here is Morgan, Harry s friend, failed Socialist, railwayman turned trader: 'You could talk about creating a future, but in practice, look, people ran for shelter, manoeuvred for personal convenience, accepted the facts of existing power.'

This novel, with its lovely Welsh talk as rich and natural as cream, has given me the warmest pleasure, even though, compared (inevitably) with *All in a Lifetime* or *How Green Was My Valley*, we see that it has neither the concentrated, lyric perfection of the one nor quite the sweet, fiery strength of the other. Its own enormous virtue is a kind of *eatability*. One could, one feels, feed on this fresh-brown-bread-and-thick-butter quality for ever. Mr Williams has an architectural, Hardy-like feeling for landscape, strong insights into the processes of social change a humorous, admiring love for the obstinacies of men. But towards the end the novel softens, splays out, talks too much, blurs the rough untidiness of actuality; and somehow needs the missing dimension of melancholy, the Celtic madness.

What *is* it about the African sun that its touch should so often flame writing into literature? *This Side Jordan* is a really excellent novel set in the Gold Coast just before it became Ghana. Its chief character, a most haunting, interesting un-hero, is Nathaniel Amegbe, schoolteacher; shabby, unimpressive, conscience-ridden; a divided man, torn between the pull of the old, tribal ways he has managed to half-educate himself out of, and the Christian-commercial life of the city. Accra, incidentally, and its inhabitants could hardly I imagine be better drawn. Miss Laurence has a natural instinct for proportion; her detail is exactly enough to bring place and people most vividly to all one's senses. Amegbe is drawn into a half-hearted scheme to 'help' his students by a

NEW BOOKS FROM ODHAMS

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PUTNAM

group of Whites working for a British trading firm and all worried about their jobs. The order has gone out from London for 'Africanisation'. We see broad gestures made from afar and then at last all the right things done; and the heart-breaking, wrong results, treacheries, cross-purposes which follow. Were it not for a suspiciously sunny conclusion I would have said this book had an almost Forsterian quality of understanding.

Slavish aficionados of the Twenties, preferring Victrolas to hi-fi, georgette to nylon, *Ramona* to rock, filled with nostalgic longing for an age they never knew, will not so much read as *gobble* the new Caspary. *Evvie* is about two charming, wild, gay girls, their jobs and their lovers in the era of 'the Girl' and the gangster. There is crime and tragedy but also a superb evocation of the Chicago Twenties, that great, lost, blazing time with its unholy fascination, its curious, cruel innocence, its monstrous naiveties, its 'freedoms' (and their unsatisfactory, bitter ashes). A brilliant book which captures its period with intelligence.

Frontier of the Unknown is a lengthy, serious, second-rate mammoth about problems of conscience amongst atomic scientists. Michel Renoir is second in command of a French nuclear reactor plant. His work, we are given to understand, is his poetry and his passion. Contemplating his *hors d'oeuvres* he reflects: 'In these fibrils of ham lay hidden atoms. Galaxies of invisible reality. My knife, like an earthquake, separates continents'. Occasional touches of this kind, however, are not enough to give the book a stature commensurate with its subject. Dashed by a fatal lack of depth, Michel's relationships with his colleagues, his wife and family, his mistress, his principles, meander along. An accident with the reactor closes down work on it for a time. There are workmen's strikes and extended, unreal arguments over upper-crust, Parisian dinner tables. (Are the French, by the way, really so lost to *politesse*, so petulant and and childish and rude to each other on social occasions as they are here?) Save in the character of Launay, the Director, no trace is revealed of that wily authority of purpose which one would expect of such men. Perhaps, though to me unconvincing, this is a true picture. But if so, how enormous, when compared, is the restraint, the sense of responsibility of *our* 'new men'.

How delightful to be Miss Mitchell! To look so lovely, to act so beautifully and to write so well. Miss Mitchell's first novel, *The Bedsitter*, was an exceptionally penetrative, admirable little study plucked from the very centre of experience. *Frame for Julian*, her second book, a story of English-Bohemian painters and their families in the South of France, is perhaps just slightly disappointing by comparison. I must say I find 12-year-old, wise, adult little girls gnomically critical of their elders, short on credibility. But the author's style carries the reader through with a good deal of sheer, charmed enjoyment.

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Armchair Archaeology

The Concise Encyclopædia of Archæology. Edited by LEONARD COTTRELL. *Hutchinson*. 50*s*.

This encyclopædia is as rich as the Sutton Hoo ship-burial in the hoard of information it contains, and as sad as Linear B for its omissions. The editor says that in compiling it he hoped to help the amateur who wants to know more but sometimes gets bogged down in professional jargon. So he assembled 50 experts and set them to write stimulating short pieces in plain English (they were generally obedient, though one slipped in *vaisnavite* and *saivite* unexplained.) But the archaeology of the whole world won't go into 400 pages of text and a further 100 of illustrations. In the process of selection Mr Cottrell says he was guided by 'general reader-interest.' If he is right in his choice, this bookish creature cares for anything in archæology more than information which would help him to identify the bumps and scarps and hollows of his own country; and it has never occurred to him to try digging himself. For there is no article on practical technique, nor even a hint to leave well alone. Hill-forts are inadequately covered by a good piece on Maiden Castle; barrows and henge-monuments are as badly served; I couldn't find a mention of pit-villages or Grimes Graves.

I believe Mr Cottrell underestimates the practical curiosity of his readers. In other respects this handsome book is useful and delightful. It is a great help to be able to find information quickly on such matters as geological periods, glaciations and the types of early man. These last are covered by several articles interlocked by cross-references. I judge this to be a good encyclopædia for three reasons: it will answer a straight question; the article that gives the answer generates enough warmth to send the reader coursing through the cross-references; and the final impression is that one has begun to be acquainted with a large area of learning and wants to know more.

Some articles seem to me exceptionally well-written – on Sir Thomas Browne, the Dead Sea Scrolls, Easter Island, Maya, the Piltdown Skull, and Sutton Hoo. It is sad not to be able to identify the contributors, though there is a list of distinguished names in the end-papers. In general if a subject is included it is handsomely treated, so it was a shock to find the Lycians without their tombs, and the Etruscans docked of their language.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

Behind the Bamboo Curtain

The Anthill. By SUZANNE LABIN. *Stevens*. 37*s*. 6*d*.

The Chinese Communes. By RICHARD HUGHES. *Bodley Head*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

The Agrarian Policy of the Chinese Communist Party. By CHAO KUO-CHUN. *Asia Publishing House*. 55*s*.

Those who set out to find out what goes on in Communist countries are presented with one fearsome problem. Whom are they to believe? On one side official publications, government spokesmen, sponsored delegations, all the serried regiment of press and radio are united in presenting a picture of a new golden age, a fairy-tale world, where rulers are perpetually virtuous and wise and production norms increasingly overfulfilled; where the common people acclaim a brave new world of peace and plenty and rejoice at the downfall of the wicked ogres of capitalism, opportunism, rightism and the rest; and where all live happily ever after under the benevolent, but watchful, eye of the fairy godmother, the blessed vanguard of the proletariat, the Party. On the other, 10,000 cold warriors on the hither side of the iron curtain are equally as one that in such countries all is misery and tyranny, governments are brutal and base, workers down trodden and discontented, peasants stricken and oppressed. Such opinions, though clamorous, are not notably informative. They are presented to persuade rather than to instruct. They are therefore often lacking in the content of hard fact to which the enquiring observer probably seeks to penetrate. Hard facts are indeed, by the nature of such regimes, difficult to come by. In this situation the information provided by those who have actually lived for a number of years within a Communist country and since found their way to the outside world could fill a vital gap. And the evidence available in such places as Berlin and Hong Kong, where large numbers of these refugees are concentrated, might, if carefully sifted, be of the greatest value in helping us towards a clearer picture of life under Communist regimes.

An essential condition, however, if this is to be done usefully, is that those who collect and assess the evidence should perform this in a spirit that is detached rather than dogmatic, empirical rather than evangelistic. To interpret it effectively they must be both objective and informed.

Mlle Labin, whose book is based on conversations with refugees in Hong Kong, unfortunately does not meet either of these conditions. She is not objective. The nature of her own prejudices is revealed on every page of the book, in the interjections, leading questions and comments with which the interviews are interspersed, in the repeated use in her own observations of such phrases as 'the butcher Mao', 'Stalin the Terrible', 'the

captive peoples', 'Communist oppression', 'massacre', 'savagery', tyranny', 'murder'. She admits that she has sometimes merged several witnesses in one, to whom she has 'given the character and the genuine background of a single witness'. The dozen or so witnesses actually presented (out of about 54 interviewed) are united in one characteristic, their bitter and impassioned hostility to the existing system in China. There is nowhere any attempt to assess how far the opinions expressed are representative, even of other refugees. The book is indeed not conceived as an enquiry for information but as an essay in denunciation.

The book, equally, is not informed. Mlle Labin admits that she speaks no Chinese and relied on interpreters supplied by anti-Communist organisations in Hong Kong. She reveals a total ignorance of Chinese history and institutions, both before and after the arrival of the Communists. The commonest Chinese names and words are confused or misspelled. She accepts without qualms claims, often from Nationalist sources, that four (it later became five) million refugees have fled from China since 1952 (a single enquiry in Hong Kong could have showed her the absurdity of this contention); that 40 million Chinese have been killed or starved by the present government; that the Communist authorities 'ordain copulation at certain times and certain places just as stud managers do in Europe'. And so on, and so on.

For those who require information, rather than opinions, the other two books will probably be of more interest. Mr Hughes has relied for his information mainly on reading between the lines of official pronouncements, and on a personal visit to a few communes. He too occasionally uses emotive phrases (such as 'organised slavery'); and the style is throughout somewhat journalistic. But the overall picture he presents, though slight, is sound. He understands the concrete considerations that lie behind the establishment of the communes. He defines their advantages and limitations in the existing state of the Chinese economy. Above all he recognises their significance in the ideological battle between China and the Soviet Union for the spiritual allegiance of Asia and Africa, where often, as in China, labour is plentiful but capital is scarce.

The most valuable of these three books, however, is Mr Chao Kuo-chun's study of agrarian policy in China under the Communists. After painting the background of agrarian conditions in China and recounting the little-studied story of agrarian policy in the Communist areas before 1949, he presents a comprehensive and generally well-balanced account of events in this field since that time. The work is evidently based on a wide knowledge of both Chinese publications and foreign studies. On occasion Mr Chao is perhaps prepared to be over-credulous: not many would accept that the short period of withdrawal from the co-operatives in 1956 was evidence that the governments had accepted the voluntary principle in collectivisation; that the Communes themselves came into existence through a spontaneous movement among the peasantry. On the other hand he clearly recognises the purely tactical and political nature of many steps in the Communist Party's agrarian programme. And he examines objectively the fundamental economic problems which have conditioned many of their policies. In general the book amply demonstrates the value of an approach that is dispassionate rather than impassioned.

D. E. T. LUARD

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Picasso in Antibes

Text by Dor de la Souchère

Summer 1946. Picasso comes to Antibes, to a château by the sea. In a joyful creative outburst he produces 150 paintings, drawings and ceramics. At the wish of the artist, these works have never left the château. It is in their permanent setting that this book presents them, some in the astonishing brilliance of their original colours. Not therefore just another book about Picasso, nor just another book, this is the document of an encounter between an artist and his inspiration, presented lovingly and lavishly as an example of fine book-craft

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Next gentleman, please!

I INVITE YOU—if you happen to be reading this at a moment when there are no urgent calls on your time—to consider for a moment how you would define a gossip column.

You have? Good. Perhaps, after all, it didn't take very long. Now please glance at any recent edition of "Table Talk", by Pendennis, in The Observer, and see whether it fits your definition? Or anyone else's.

As an attempt to live up to the popular notion of a gossip column, "Table Talk" is a

wilful failure. It's quite impossible to get yourself into it by doing conventionally gossipy things. You may fall again and again into the river at an all-night party, bombard an Hon. with countless bread rolls, even horsewhip a best-selling author, without the slightest chance of recognition from the mysterious Pendennis.

What *is* grist to his particular mill, then? Well, recently we have had the P.R. 'witch doctors' working for African governments ("They are the new diplomats"); novices at the U.N. (it is still "inhabited by persons who are suave, unathletic and visibly bred indoors"); and public-school headmasters ("Few people can encounter these gowned, articulate men without some secret dread"). The common factor here seems to be 'grey eminence'—these are the people who matter, but who don't normally seek or receive public attention for themselves.

Whose turn next?

"Table Talk", as its title suggests, gives an extra dimension to the news: that of informed, amusing conversation. A telling detail, a quote, a mannerism accurately pinned down, can often give an indication of a whole man, or turn an impersonal institution into a recognisable set of people. Pendennis's interests range all over the world. You are not likely to be bored when you meet him at the week-end.

The same goes for his cousin, Mammon, who is Something In The City. He has a regular column in The Observer where he enquires what's going on behind the share prices and the publicity campaigns. He tells you clearly and candidly about the significant men who hunt those Bulls and Bears and Stags in the mysterious Contango swamps of The City of London.

I wonder who The Observer will be looking at next Sunday. If you are at a hub, a nerve centre where things are happening, *it might be you* . . . if not, it may add just the information you want.

J.B.L.

Special Correspondent

Eye-Witness. Edited by JOHN FISHER. *Cassell.* 25*s.*

In the days doubtless soon to come when the British Press is wholly submerged in the Rotherbrook-Odhson empire, and its contents produced on computers, it may be worth recalling an age when newspaper writing was individual, and various, and sometimes splendid.

> Captain Alfred Dreyfus was once more condemned to degradation and imprisonment on Saturday, his day of fate, before an auditory trembling with emotion, a city nervous and passionate, and a world struck dumb with indignation. Five of his seven Judges have thus put themselves beyond the pale of human reason. The verdict is an outrage on truth and justice, and the contradictory terms in which it is couched destroy belief even in that simulacrum of sincerity afforded by a semi-hypnotised judgment and a wholly false conscience . . .

Thus J. E. Dillon reporting the famous trial in the *Daily Telegraph* of 1899, with a subjective richness that would make today's subs blench. When William Howard Russell covered the Crimea landing for *The Times* they printed him by the acre, and by any standard it was tremendous journalism. Even so he needs must open an 8,000-word message with the usual rueful correspondent's protest: 'Barely time to announce the arrival of the allied armies on the soil of the Crimea, for the Mail was despatched at a very short notice'.

A century later Mr George Whiting, chronicling for the *Evening Standard* an encounter of another kind, between the boxers Johansson and Patterson, hurls his cable on the wire: 'Here', cries his introduction, 'comes history!'

To some degree this symbolises the difference of values that has overtaken the trade since news-writing became a branch of derring-do, like wire-walking or being something on the telly. In 1815 *The Times* exclusive on Napoleon's departure for St Helena began: 'An evening paper professes to give, from authorities, the following particulars relative to Buonaparte . . .' which for a writer with such a beat on his hands would seem by modern taste an introduction notably laconic. By 1934 Mr Sefton Delmer was reporting the death of King Albert to the *Daily Express*:

> 'God have mercy! I have found him!' General Baron Jacques de Dixmude flashed his electric torch on a boulder of stone and sank to his knees, sobbing and making the sign of the Cross . . .

Mr Fisher has had the very good notion of compiling a selection of straight newspaper writing from the files of the last 150 years. As an idiosyncratic scrapbook of recent history it is diverting; as a record of journalistic manners it is startling. Napoleon had to sail in the *Bellerophon* with none but this one rather offhand observer; Mr Krushchev held his bizarre Press Conference in Paris last May to a sweating mob of 3,000 contending and highly committed correspondents. The difference was more than in numbers.

This anthology fills in the intervening age. Henry Labouchere floats his message out from the Siege of Paris by balloon; Ward Price drops his from a Zeppelin. Frank Vizetelly watches Garibaldi liberate Sicily; John Segrue reports Lenin's funeral. Charles Dickens send a piece on a Rome guillotining to the *Daily News* – which in its true tradition, now untimely ended, omitted to publish it.

And so on to today, and the possibilities of comparison. Contemporary reporting has its standards too. Some of Mr. Fisher's choices surprise me, unless he was enshrining some good examples of fashionable banality, but most delight me. (What hard-pressed correspondent ever did a finer swifter job of trial-reporting than did Maurice Fagence from Nuremberg to the *Herald* in 1946?)

What is revealed today is the clear division between the competent and the good, with the masters of reporting – the Patrick O'Donovans and Alistair Cookes and David Holdens and so on (I wish we *could* speak of them in the plural!) – reverting more and more to the reflective considerations of the past, while the accomplished acrobats of the three-line par become almost indistinguishable in the deftness of their mutual imitations.

On the whole Gresham's Law has levelled out most newspaper writing to whatever oblique tricks of style are modish at the moment. Thus writing and reading has become easier for everyone, and I don't know what more one can ask, until the great and apparently inevitable days when there are only a couple of papers left to compete at all.

JAMES CAMERON

Week-end Competition

No. 1,604 **Set by Maria Martin**

Competitors are invited to compose a 1960 version of one of the following nursery rhymes: 'Jack and Jill'; 'Three blind mice'; 'Little Jack Horner'; 'Hey! diddle-diddle'; 'I had a little nut-tree'; 'Tom, Tom, the piper's son'; 'Sing a song of sixpence'; 'As I was going to St Ives'; 'Little Bo-Peep'; 'Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?'; 'Ba, ba, black sheep'. Entries by 29 November.

Result of No. 1,601 **Set by J.S.F.**

> What is a communist? One who hath yearnings
> For equal division of unequal earnings.
> Be he idler or bungler or both he is willing
> To fork out his sixpence and pocket your shilling.

Thus Ebenezer Elliott (1781-1849). The usual prizes are offered for a similar verse definition of a Republican, a Democrat, an Empire Loyalist, a member of the Bow Group or a supporter of Victory for Socialism.

Report

A large, but not altogether inspired, entry. Can this be put down, perhaps, simply to political fatigue – after the American excitements and the ructions in the Labour Party? Certainly, competitors shied off VFS, and the definitions of Republican and Democrat offered were a little too predictably cynical. The definitions of Empire Loyalism were disappointing, too – competitors seemed either too angry or not angry enough. Only the Bow Group seems to have stung competitors to true mockery: these entries were easily the best. In view of a fairly equal field, I suggest one guinea to Patrick McGeeney, and half a guinea each to the entries printed.

THE BOW GROUP

> What could be archer than a Bow Group mentor,
> Who aims to the left to be right in the centre?
> This liberal new statesman that swings with the times,

To ring, with some labour, the new tory chimes.

PATRICK MCGEENEY

Who are the *Crossbowmen*? They are the smarties
Whose party's the Party of very smart parties.
They're tories with trimmings, extending their range
By trimming their sails to the new winds of change.

APPLE TREE

What's the Bow Group? A committee that aims
To give Socialist measures Conservative names.
The Bow of their choice is a long one, a strong one,
But the target they land on is often the wrong one.

VALDOR

What are the Bowmen? The Bowmen of England?
That we greet them with loathing, despite their sheep's clothing?
They're the sprigs of the Aristos—egg-heads and barristos,
With two hands in the till but not one in the tilling!

KEN GEERING

The Bow Group man leads in Conservative thinking
Baling the boat the backwoodsmen are sinking
Working out how with the affluent society
You explain public need is a private propriety.

L. G. UDALL

EMPIRE LOYALISTS

The Empire Loyalists, those true-blue chaps,
See red when they see red (except on maps),
And think (like Hitler with the blood, not mind)
That Loyalty, not Justice, should be blind.

APPLE TREE

An Empire Loyalist's a noisy bum
Who rates all foreigners as dregs or scum:
In his small world, what true-blue Britons say goes,
And sucks to Niggers, Chinks, Wops, Krauts and Dagoes.

ALLAN M. LAING

REPUBLICAN

A Republican thinks it an excellent thing
To serve a Tycoon in exchange for a King.
That Commonwealth only he deems to be healthy
Where some common men can grow uncommon wealthy.

What's a Republican? One who's agin
The Democrat Party, state-spending and sin.
He's for freedom, but don't treat the black as a brother, nor
Can he, while yoked to the Democrat Southerner.

VALDOR

VICTORY FOR SOCIALISM

The VFS in frenzied chorus cry
'Tis we must lead the hosts to Victory.
So, till the strife with obscurantists ends,
We'll fight for Victory against our - friends!'

R. KENNARD DAVIS

Socialist Victory supporters are pining
To burn the red coat with the bluer blue lining
In the new Re-Think line for the radical posh.
For it just doesn't fit, - and it just wouldn't wash.

E. R. BEWSEY

DEMOCRAT

What is a Democrat? Foolish, that question;
One who's desirous to win an election.
He'll bid for the franchise a generous offer
And cut up the profits with Mr James Hoffa.

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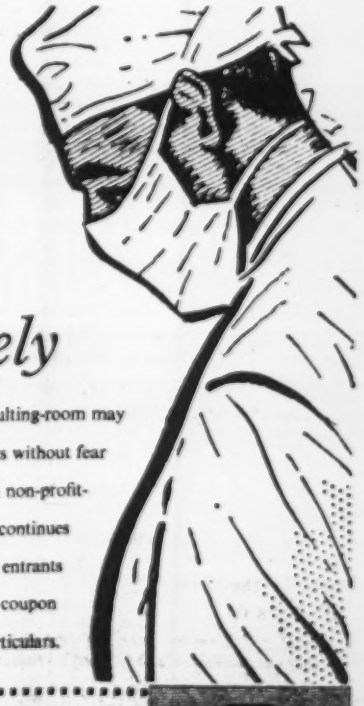

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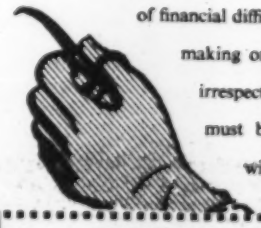

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A new record in earnings was reported by Sir Ivan Stedeford, K.B.E., Chairman of Tube Investments Ltd., in his annual statement posted to stockholders on 16 November.

Total trading profits after depreciation, he said, increased by about 50% to £19,200,000. This included 12 months' profits of the Aluminium Division, against 7 months last year, but did not include any earnings of the recently-acquired Raleigh Industries Ltd. and Loewy Engineering Company Ltd. Excluding the Aluminium Division, the results were secured on a 20% increase in Sales. The Board proposed a final dividend of 9½% on the Ordinary capital, which was doubled by the rights issue in the spring, thus making a total of 14% for the year — 1% up on the rate forecast.

During the year, the Boards of Raleigh Industries and TI, he continued, had come to the conclusion that, if Britain's predominance in the world's cycle industry was to be held, and the United Kingdom industry preserved on an economic basis, the two companies would be well advised to join forces. TI accordingly made an offer to acquire Raleigh's Ordinary stock, and this was accepted. The merger should enable the cycle industry to face much better the razor-edge competition from the Continent and Asia — and at a reasonable return.

The Engineering and General Divisions contributed well towards TI's increased profits. Growing demand for W. H. A. Robertson & Company's rolling mills and other precision equipment had called for further extensions to its works. There were two additions to the Engineering Division during the year: The Loewy Engineering Company, and Fords (Finsbury) Ltd. — the first, among Britain's leading designers and manufacturers of rolling mills, extrusion presses; and the second, though small, a leading designer and producer of high speed machines for metal capping and other closures.

Output of steel tubes had been at a high level, and uses were growing yearly. To meet rising demand, an original type of plant for the continuous production of seamless carbon steel tube was being put down in addition to plant for producing warm and cold extrusion of precision mild steel components. TI's steel works — Park Gate Iron & Steel and Round Oak Steel works — had a year of brisk trading. Their combined output of steel, including tube steel for TI, ran close to one million ingot tons, and their profits represented a satisfactory return on TI's investment.

For the first time, the year's high tube demand had been met by an adequate steel supply. To prepare for its rising steel needs in the 1960's, TI was to increase Park Gate Iron & Steel Company's output from 425,000 tons to 875,000 tons a year by putting down a new plant, 'Constituting, we believe, one of the most modern and low cost steel-making Installations in Europe'. The total cost was estimated at £58 million spread over four or five years. By 1964, it would provide TI with an increase of 200,000 finished tons of tube steel in strip and billet, and later would lift TI's total yearly capacity to about 1,500,000 ingot tons.

British Aluminium's output of virgin and semi-fabricated aluminium reached record figures. Trading profits, before taxation, at £4.1 million comfortably exceeded the company's previous record.

The Electrical Division felt the full effects of the restrictions on public spending imposed on a contracting demand. Earnings were down. The new Creda Mercury Super Four, with its rotisserie and griddle, represented the best value in the cooker market. Simplex's range of industrial equipment was expanded in a year of improved business.

Overseas interests continued to do well. Concluding, Sir Ivan said that he expected TI's results for the current year to be satisfactory.

The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

Two hundred years ago a British government got itself into trouble by proposing to tax cider. The cider-making countrymen almost flew to arms. The constituents of an MP called Norborne-Berkeley wrote instructing him to oppose the measure. Unwilling to take instructions from voters whose votes he had bought, and strong in the knowledge that he was buying a cheaper seat in the House, he expressed his rage at their impertinence in a letter concluding: 'And now may the curse of God light upon you all, and may your houses be as open to the exciseman as your wives and daughters were to me when I stood as candidate upon your suffrages'.

Still the measure did not pass; natural cider remained and remains untaxed. We make from 50 to 100 gallons a year, all from windfall, scabby or undersized fruit which is usually wasted. This quantity, from half an acre of apples, is some measure of the waste of fruit on a national scale. We have a cheap French machine which combines the functions of crushing and pressing the fruit. The juice is run into barrels, sugared to bring the alcohol potential up to that of a white wine, fermented, racked twice, matured for three months to a year, and drunk from the wood. It is not fined, usually clearing brilliantly of its own accord – unlike perry, which is always troublesome. Before we had the machine, bought secondhand from the clergyman who imported it, we used to smash the fruit in a tub with a heavy log, and bale the juice into the barrels.

We have finished the job for this year. Meanwhile I have been wondering why cider lore, unlike beer and wine lore, has never hardened into a *mystique*. The mythology is there, only one looks to the north and west for it, instead of the south and east. The idea that apples – and later cider – confer longevity, even immortality, comes from the prose Edda, in which the life-giving apples are guarded by the goddess Iduna. And here is one stanza of the *Avallenau* (The Apple Trees) by the sixth-century poet Merrdin the Caledonian.

> To no one has been exhibited at the hour of dawn what was shown to Merrdin before he became aged, namely seven score and seven delicious apple trees, of equal age, length and size, which sprang from the bosom of Mercy. One bending veil covers them over. They are guarded by one maid with crisped locks. Her name is Olwedd of the luminous teeth.

Mythologists will know the significance of the number 147, that is $7^2 \times 3$. And when I look upon our own orchard in autumn, or drink a pint of its produce in June, I think well of the line 'sprung from the bosom of Mercy'. For Welsh readers, here is a rather mysterious verse touching apples from the *Gorhofedd* of Gualchmai:

> Grwyn blaen avall, bloden vagwy,
> Balch caen coed –
> Bryd pawb parth yd garwy.

Records of cider making are to be found in manorial and chapter rolls back into the 13th century; but before then wine of the grape seems to have been the more important in Hereford, Kent and Gloucester. But the Hereford Wycliffe MS Bible contains a curious piece of parochialism: *Luke 1, 6* there becomes 'For he schal be gret bifore the Lord, and he shall not drinke wine ne sider'. In Kent, cider making has declined, excepting for the revival of heavy, high alcohol 'vintage' ciders and the stuff you can still get in a few pubs is poor. Presumably dessert apples pay better. In Hereford one still drinks the best cider in England, unless the local brew of Tuckenhay in Devon is to be had. What is more, very good perry is made and sold at a few Herefordshire houses.

Of recent years the craft of perry making has been elevated to the status of an industry in Somerset, first by the science of Long Ashton Research Station, and second by the enterprise known as *Babycham*, a success so remarkable that the problem now is to find enough pears; and pear trees are being planted on a scale which before Showering brothers' initiative, would have been madness. We do not know the origin of the ancient apple and pear varieties, for orchards were in Britain before Caesar. The Romans brought new kinds, others came from France and Normandy; but our best apples, D'Arcy Spice, Cornish Gillyflower, Cox's Orange, Egremont Russet, are home bred. The provenance of most varieties is to be found in Hogg's *Herefordshire Pomona*, a book that printers as well as pomologists might look into: we seem to have mislaid the art of colour printing since Severeyns of Brussels produced the plates for Hogg's two mighty volumes in the 1870s.

City Lights

TAURUS

Nobody, least of all Mr Lloyd, seems yet to know what the Treasury means to do about the Ford bid. On the face of it, certainly, it will be hard to find a case for refusing permission. The government, faced with an exiguous payments surplus, may talk less now about the free international flow of capital than it used to – Grandma has begun to wonder in public whether the outflow ought not to be controlled, and nobody is really worried about the risk that the Americans may refuse to let us build them supermarkets if we refuse to let them have our motor industry – but the commitment to freedom of this, that and the other cannot be forgotten overnight: there are too many recent precedents. There is the fact, too, not merely that control of British Ford already lies squarely in Detroit but that the US parent company, if sufficiently piqued, can easily threaten to concentrate its European expansion plans on its (almost) wholly-owned German subsidiary. And yet, and yet . . . Other people besides Lord Beaverbrook and Fidel Castro know how to make a political issue out of dollar imperialism. If the row develops sufficiently (and if the Briggs workers do their bit), the politicians may still override the officials, discover that motor-cars are more of a special case here than in Canada or Australia, and decide that one can be as much in favour of the international flow of capital as any other underdeveloped country without allowing the flow, in either direction, to go uncontrolled.

Two side-aspects of the affair are interesting. The first is the reason why Detroit, however well it has timed its bid, should wish to

spend so much on eliminating the minority shareholders of its UK subsidiary. It cannot be merely tidy-mindedness, though the other foreign subsidiaries are already wholly-owned and the UK bid has been expected since a bid for the Canadian minority holding two years ago. The most plausible explanation is that the parent company wants to be free from the interference of outside shareholders to fight competition by shuffling production, research, sales and profits from one company to another as circumstances suggest. If this is so, and if Ford is getting ready for price-cutting, the smart boys who have been buying other UK motor shares on the assumption that this is where the Ford bid money will be re-invested had best take their profit quickly. The second point is that the bid must embarrass the US Treasury quite as much as the British Treasury. Even allowing for the sizeable number of shares held by private US investors, it will cost around $250m – a useful contribution to the sterling area gold reserve now that the hot money is cooling off and enough to push the US reserve well below the $18 billion which has been gradually worked up into a point of critical importance. What is good for Ford is not necessarily good for America.

★ ★ ★

A cut in the German discount rate was delayed until it was bound to seem a dreary anti-climax. Even another cut may do little good while money remains tight and most interest rates remain sufficiently far above those ruling elsewhere to make it still profitable for Germans to borrow abroad and invest at home. The great aid-for-the-undeveloped plan is on the way, and will no doubt be announced in good time to counter a US demand for increased military contributions, but it will be surprising if tied aid – like the German Eximbank now planned for South America – is not a large part of it.

The cut in the German discount rate has raised hopes of another cut in Bank rate: this might enable the building societies to ration mortgages less rigorously, but nobody else seems much interested. The government, torn between the appalling trade figures and a motor industry campaign for HP concessions which is fast working up to a climax, is doing nothing with a strong sense of conviction. Lord Amory may now feel, with Radcliffe, that HP controls are unfair and unsatisfactory (though he doesn't seem quite sure whether they should be changed less violently or less often): Mr Maudling, a great man for sticking to an idea, seems to think that only a prolonged squeeze can make manufacturers sufficiently export-conscious. The Tory government (and, increasingly, the Treasury) has put slogans in the place of strategy and relied on the effectiveness of its tactical weapons to see it through from one crisis and one election to another. Now the tactical weapons, one by one, seem to be breaking in its hands. It also needs somebody young enough to look more than one business cycle ahead.

★ ★ ★

We are to get, of course, the youngest Governor of the Bank for 150 years: but nobody knows why the Earl of Cromer has been given the job. Why has Mr Cobbold waited until 15 months after the Radcliffe Report, which was originally to have been his cue for retirement, to announce his resignation in mid-1961? Was it because the lobbying was unusually severe? Was it to make time for an unknown merchant banker of distinguished family to become a 15-months' experienced,

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Year ended 30th June 1960

PROFIT. The year has been one of great activity with turnover exceeding £79,000,000. Group earnings before tax at £1,664,477 increased by over £400,000. Group profit, after tax, £729,521 compared with £624,248.

DIVIDEND. The Directors recommend a final dividend of 9½% and bonus of 2½% on the Deferred Ordinary Stock, increased from £1,500,000 to £2,500,000 by a free scrip issue in December 1959. This makes a total of 15% for the year, an effective increase of 3% compared with a year ago.

STOCKHOLDERS' FUNDS

Capital	
6% Cumulative Preference Stock	£ 630,000
10% Preferred Ordinary Stock	1,000,000
Deferred Ordinary Stock	2,500,000
Management Shares	25,000
	4,155,000
Reserves	4,430,951
Stockholders' Funds at 30th June 1960	£8,585,951

Deferred Ordinary Dividend and Bonus covered 2.8 times.

Annual General Meeting 6th December.

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if still somewhat unfamiliar, Treasury Minister in Washington? Lord Cromer, the insiders tell us, is both pleasant and intelligent, but a number of City people still seem to have difficulty in pretending that his appointment is welcome. The Treasury will acquiesce gladly in any step which seems to demonstrate that the Bank no longer has any but a technical, subordinate role to play. But the appointment itself is presumably a Mac-Grandma – a stamping on the Bank of the PM's own particular 20th-century image.

Company News

Ind Coope, which has had a good season in wine as well as beer and a full year of Taylor Walker, reports profits up by 35 per cent to £7½m; sales so far this year, however, are down.

Beecham has achieved higher sales in the past half year despite the general setback to soft drinks: higher advertising has depressed margins, but there is still a hope of a higher dividend in well-informed City circles.

Hector Whaling, having sold its whalers to Japan, is asking experts whether it is really worth while putting the money into tankers: a bid would be the best solution, since there are a good many unused investment allowances which would disappear in a liquidation.

BSA has done well out of motor-bikes and machine tools (its Daimler division has passed to Jaguar) with profits up 20 per cent and a dividend of 17½ per cent against the 16 per cent forecast, a tax-free capital dividend and a scrip issue: it has plenty of cash available for diversification.

British Insulated Callenders Cables is still suffering from the cable war in some sections and from the working-off of long-term contracts in sections where the war has been settled.

Susan Small is the latest to come along with a share option scheme: the directors, who already own most of the company, apparently need some further incentive.

"MY HOMELAND"

is the theme of an

International Competition of Children's Drawings and Paintings

organized by POLISH RADIO and sponsored by

POLISH NATIONAL UNESCO COMMISSION

— all children up to 15 years of age may enter
— drawings and paintings, 10 x 14 in. and unmounted, may be on any aspect of life in the entrant's country.

There are many valuable prizes including FREE 10-DAY TRIPS TO POLAND and also prizes for art teachers.

The best drawings will be shown at an exhibition in Warsaw and published in an album.

For full particulars write to:

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at 7.30 p.m. on 31.45, 42.11 and 249 m.
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CAPITAL PUNISHMENT—

Death or Redemption? A discussion with

FIELD MARSHAL LORD HARDING
SIR LINTON ANDREWS
REV. DR. LESLIE WEATHERHEAD
GERALD GARDINER
DR. EDWARD GLOVER

Chairman: SIR JOHN WOLFENDEN

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LONDON, MIDLANDS, NORTH, SOUTH

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18th at 10.30 p.m.

ASSOCIATED TELEVISION

ATV

The Chess Board

No. 575 Four World Champions

The reigning one and his three predecessors are here in Leipzig, along with 22 other Grandmasters, 37 International Masters and 123 'ordinary' masters representing 40 nations. Four more than at the previous Team Tournament, but then such record attendance is but one of a good many pleasing aspects of this remarkable *Schach – Olympiade*, remarkable for its flawless organisation no less than an altogether unique Exhibition of every conceivable thing connected with centuries of Chess all over the world. More about it next week; meanwhile, with the final round yet to be played, the victory of the USSR team (comprising three of the four world champions) is already a certainty. They haven't lost a single game, and it is their fifth consecutive victory in that international event now regularly held every second year. As for our own men I was pleased to see in the programme-comments that the qualification of the British team was almost taken for granted. Our men weren't all that optimistic about their chances of getting into the top-group, but they did; and what's more, every one of them (even when allowing for the worst in tomorrow's final match against the USSR) has an overall score of more than 50 per cent. Very creditable when considering that Penrose at the top-board had to face eight grandmasters. Golombek, playing top or second board had six grandmasters to contend with, Clark had three; and while Barden, Wade and Haygarth had not quite so exalted opposition to cope with, their overall percentage is nearer 60 than 50. Here (Black against Thorbergsson of Iceland) is one of Penrose's victories:

1) P-Q4, P-KKt3; 2) P-QB4, B-Kt2; 3) Kt-QB3, P-Q3; 4) B-Kt5, P-KR3; 5) B-R4, P-QB4; 6) P-Q5, Kt-KB3; 7) P-K4, P-K3; 8) B-Q3, PxP; 9) KPxP, 0-0; 10) KKt-K2, QKt-Q2; 11) P-B4, P-KKt4; 12) PxP, Kt-Kt5; 13) Q-Q2, QKt-K4; 14) B-R7 ch, K-R1; 15) P-KR3, KtxP; 16) Q-B4, Kt(Kt5)-K6; 17) B-K4, Q-K1; 18) PxP, BxKt ch; 19) PxB, P-B4; 20) Q-Kt5, R-KKt1; 21) Q-B6 ch, K-R2; 22) B-Q3, KtxP ch; 23) K-Q1, Q-R5 ch; 24) K-B1, Q-R6 ch; 25) K-Q1, Kt(5)-K6 ch; 26) Resigns.

White against Petersen of Denmark, young Haygarth scored this impressive win:

1) P-K4, P-K3; 2) P-Q4, P-Q4; 3) QKt-Q2, Kt-KB3; 4) P-K5, KKt-Q2; 5) B-Q3, P-QB4; 6) P-QB3, Kt-QB3; 7) Kt-K2, PxP; 8) PxP, P-B3; 9) PxP, QxP; 10) Kt-KB3, B-Kt5 ch; 11) B-Q2 BxB ch; 12) QxB, 0-0; 13) 0-0, P-K4; 14) PxP, Kt(2)xP; 15) KtxKt, QxKt; 16) QR-K1, Q-Q3; 17) Kt-Kt3, B-K3; 18) Q-Kt5, QR-K1; 19) Q-R5, P-KKt3; 20) BxP, PxB; 21) QxP ch, K-R1; 22) Q-R6 ch, K-Kt1; 23) Kt-R5, R-K2; 24) R-K3, R-B4; 25) R-Kt3 ch, K-B2; 26) Q-R8, RxKt; 27) QxR ch, K-B1; 28) Q-R8 ch, K-B2; 29) R-Kt7 ch, K-B3; 30) Q-R6 ch, K-K4; 31) Q-K3 ch, K-B4; 32) P-Kt4 ch, resigns.

More next week about our team's exploits; meanwhile, in proper homage to the World Champion, here – White against Najdorf – is one of Tal's many victories, all the more remarkable for seeming so utterly effortless.

1) P-K4, P-QB4; 2) Kt-KB3, P-Q3; 3) P-Q4, PxP; 4) KtxP, Kt-KB3; 5) QKt-B3, P-K3; 6) B-K3, P-QR3; 7) P-B4, P-QKt4; 8) Q-B3, B-Kt2; 9) B-Q3, QKt-Q2; 10) 0-0, B-K2; 11) P-QR3, 0-0; 12) Q-R3, Q-B2; 13) QR-K1, Kt-B4; 14) B-B2, P-Q4; 15) PxP, KtxB; 16) PxKt, BxQP; 17) KtxB, PxKt; 18) Kt-B5, B-B4; 19) P-Q4, B-R2; 20) B-R4!, Kt-K5;

Here – and this might as well serve as **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners – White forced the win very brilliantly in a few moves.

As for this week's competition it seems only fitting to pick some of the prize-winners dedicated to the Team Tournament. For 6 ladder-points **B** is a mate in 2, a rare treat for our much neglected problem-addicts. **C** (for 7 points) is the first prize-winner of the end game studies and by no means easy. It's a draw. Usual prizes. Entries by 28 November.

B: L. Loshinscki and V. Tshepishni 1960: /1r4bkt/P2QB3/p1PP2p1/P1k1P3/R6r/Kt3P3/1P1Kt2Bp/7K/.

C: V. A. Bron 1960: /4k3/5p2/r3P3/5P2/4K3/1kt6/1p4P1/3Kt1B2/.

REPORT on No. 572. Set 29 October

A. 1) Q-R6 ch, KxQ; 2) PxP ch, K-Kt4; 3) R-R5 ch!, KxR; 4) P-B4 ch! (P-Kt4 ch?), KtxB; 5) Kt-B6 ch, K-R3; 6) R-R1 ch, K-Kt2; 7) Kt-K8 ch!, RxKt; 8) RxP ch, K-B3; 9) RxP mate.

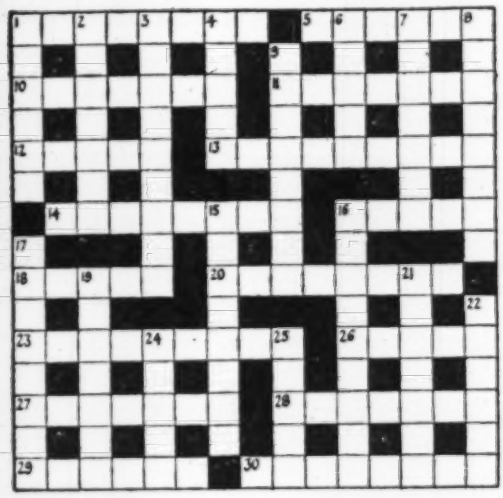
B: 1) K-Kt7, B-Q1; 2) K-B8, B-K2; 3) K-Q7, B-B1; 4) K-K8, B-Kt2; 5) K-B7, B-R1; 6) K-Kt8 etc.

C: 1) Kt-K4, QxB(best); 2) R-Kt5 ch, K-B1; 3) R-B5 ch, K-K1; 4) RxP!, Q-QKt7; 5) R-QKt5!, Q-KR7; 6) R-KR5 etc.

Plenty of correct solutions. Prizes: E. Allan, M. P. Furmston, B. Silver, A. J. Sobey, J. J. Walsh.

Week-end Crossword 432

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 432, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 29 November.



ACROSS

1. Turn strange when about to make love in a race-course (8).
5. I am a vehicle for the foot (6).
10. Scholarly as a writer leading a donkey (7).
11. Make a juror (7).
12. Showing effects of exercise, mostly rowing (5).
13. Foreigner now in gear changing (9).
14. Immoral behaviour when man embraces many (8).
16. Instrument used in music with the humbug left out (5).
18. Assistants with muddled ideas (5).
20. Grew thin or rushed back and got married (8).
23. In altering slips cure clothing (9).
26. She needs the morning to build a continent (5).
27. Arrived with the set in Arthur's place (7).
28. Study and choose to take up again (7).
29. Work of literature for the boy to score (6).
30. The joker beyond recovery as a driver? (8).

DOWN

1. Cut about half a loaf for something to wear (6).
2. Instrument made from an unfinished raincoat (7).
3. Fruits of success before the penny drops (9).
4. Ancient in bold endeavour (5).
6. Sufficient for the first half in school (5).
7. Baby bird? (7).
8. Peaceful periods are less nice if disturbed (8).
9. He lets the side down, providing a drink without something to carry it on (8).
15. Grit puts one a goal up on Manchester (8).
16. Starting to hurl contempt at me is something which recoils on the thrower (9).
17. Possesses things to wear or stools (8).
19. Wood ending with a final word (7)
21. Parasite would give heart for good animals (7).
22. More fluent talk? (6).
24. Twisted thread town (5)
25. Streak from a broken stair (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 430

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 430

R. J. Roxburgh (Dunbar)
J. Wilson (Voorschoten)
John Bruce (Helensburgh)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

Applications are invited for posts as Prison Welfare Officer at HM Prisons, Liverpool, Lancaster (combining Bela River) and Appleton Thorn (near Warrington). Adequate experience in social work is essential and a social science qualification desirable. Commencing salary £835 (age 29 and above) with six increments to £1,025.

The above appointments (for men or women) present a challenge in a new field as explained in the Maxwell Report, HMSO Cmd. 8879 price 3s. Successful candidates from the Probation Service and certain Local Government welfare posts maintain previous salary and pension benefits. Further details and application forms (returnable by 5 December) from General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

ESSEX
BETHUS PARK COMMUNITY CENTRE, LCC ESTATE, AVELEY
RE-ADVERTISEMENT

A full-time WARDEN is required as soon as possible for this Centre. Applications are invited from persons with suitable academic qualifications and/or experience of Community Centre work. Housing accommodation on the estate can be arranged.

Salary in accordance with Grade I of the Committee's Scale for Community Centre Wardens i.e. £875 x £30(6) x £20(1) to £1,075 per annum plus additions for training and qualifications if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Report Conditions.

Details and application forms obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford, forms to be returned not later than one week following appearance of this advertisement. Applications already received will be considered and such applicants need not reapply.

CORDWAINERS TECHNICAL COLLEGE

Applications are invited for half-time librarian for a small technical library. The appointment is to date from 1 February 1961.

Further details may be obtained from the Principal, Cordwainers Technical College, Mare Street, Hackney, London, E8, to whom applications should be sent by 1 December 1960. Salary scale to be half APTI.

BOOK publishers require secretary for Director. Interest in books and publishing essential but this must be combined with efficiency in normal commercial office routine. Write Mr J. M. Bunting, Barrie and Rockliff, 2 Clement's Inn, WC2.

PRODUCTION Manager, competent organiser and designer, wanted for old-established book publishers. Please state salary required. Box 8673.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM
CHILD CARE OFFICERS

Applications are invited from men and women for the post of Child Care Officer, Grade APT I or APT II according to qualifications and experience.

Applicants possessing the Child Care Officer's Certificate, or having two years' experience and possessing a social science degree or diploma will be appointed on grade APT II. If, however, only a social science qualification is possessed and experience is less than two years the grade will be APT I with a commencing salary of not less than £710 plus £20 Birmingham temporary excess rate: applicants appointed on this grade will be transferred to APT II on completion of two years' experience.

Further details from Children's Officer, 91 Lionel Street, Birmingham, 3. Closing date for applications – 1 December 1960.

CITY OF SHEFFIELD - CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

ARE YOU CONCERNED WITH THE PROBLEMS OF TEENAGERS IN DIFFICULTIES?

If you would like to help adolescent girls between 15 and 17, why not apply for the post of HOME SUPERVISOR AT MOORSIDE, a new experimental Approved School for senior girls run on the small group system. The girls live in cottages in the grounds, the Home Supervisors being in charge of a cottage housing seven girls. Four are already opened and more are opening in the near future. The school is situated in beautiful surroundings within five miles of the centre of Sheffield. Salary £625 – £725 per year, less £120 for emoluments. Six weeks' holiday; good off-duty.

Write for further details to the Children's Officer, 155 Norfolk Street, Sheffield, 1.

PARK HOUSE SCHOOL, PEPER HAROW, NR GODALMING, SURREY

Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker or Social Case Worker at this Senior Home Office Approved School.

Applicants should have either the recognised qualifications for the above post or comparable experience to fit them for this work.

The person appointed would be responsible to the School's two consultant Psychiatrists to work from a London Office and to visit the School each week. She would be expected to undertake intensive case work with parents where appropriate.

Salary according to age, qualifications and experience. Further particulars may be obtained from the Headmaster to whom applications (giving names and addresses of two referees) should be addressed.

NATIONAL Marriage Guidance Council has vacancy for Shorthand Typist. Good speeds and accuracy essential. Interesting work and excellent working conditions. Hours 9-5, no Sats. £10 p.w. Applications to Office Secretary, 58 Queen Anne Street, W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

GRAPHIC DESIGNER/ TYPOGRAPHER

required by Penguin Books to work mainly on covers. Good creative opportunities for someone with imaginative ideas. A high standard of finished art work required. 4-day week could be considered if applicant wishes to freelance.

Apply in own handwriting to the Art Editor, Penguin Books Ltd, Harmondsworth, Middlesex.

CADBURY BROTHERS

Applications are invited from WOMEN GRADUATES (or equivalent qualification) aged 25 to 40, for a vacancy in PUBLIC RELATIONS dealing with SCHOOLS and YOUNG PEOPLE.

Useful qualifications: Some editorial ability particularly in writing for children; teaching or other experience of schools or children; knowledge of advertising media and familiarity with visual aids; administrative ability and experience of talking to groups; initiative and some original ideas. Good salary and prospects for the right person.

Applications, stating age, qualifications, and experience, and when free, to W.S.B. Cadbury Bros Ltd, Bournville, Birmingham by 2 December 1960.

AN EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY

Applications are invited from young women over 18 years of age anxious to take up a career in residential child care who may have been deterred by lack of experience from entering this most rewarding field of social service. An imaginative but practical course of training will commence early in January 1961 in a specially equipped house at Beechholme, Banstead, Surrey, one of the London County Council's homes for children deprived of a normal home life. There are a limited number of vacancies: the course will last 10 weeks and will be residential, pay during training and employment as assistant housemother thereafter (salary £465-£540 less £138 for board, lodging and laundry; 4 weeks annual leave).

Write giving details of education and career to Children's Officer (WDO/NS/2913/11), County Hall, London, SE1.

VACANCY exists for Head of Central Filing Dept shortly to be established in Trade Union Office. Good salary and prospects for suitable applicant, who must have experience of modern filing systems, preferably in trade union or professional office. Typing ability required. Applications in writing, stating age and experience, to Office Supervisor, ASSET, 'Sutton House', 2/4 Homerton High Street, London, E9.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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MONASH University, Clayton, Victoria, Australia. Lectureships and Senior Lectureships in Economics. Applications are invited for appointment to the above-mentioned positions. The Faculty of Economics and Political Science will be concerned in 1961 with teaching Economics and Economic Statistics to students in the Faculties of Economics and Political Science, and Arts, and with postgraduate students. The Interim Council has recently appointed to the Chair of Economics Professor Donald Cochrane of the University of Melbourne. It is the University's intention to establish and maintain conditions favourable to the prosecution of research by all academic staff members. Salary scales: Senior Lecturer £A2,480/100/2,980; Lecturer £A1,660/100/2,360; with provision for superannuation on the FSSU basis. The initial salary will be fixed within the scale in relation to the successful candidate's qualifications and experience. General conditions of appointment (including details of the provisions made for travelling expenses, study leave, tenure, etc.) may be had from the Registrar of the University, PO Box 92, Clayton, Victoria, Australia, or from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications, in duplicate, and giving the information listed in the general conditions of appointment, should be lodged with the Registrar of the University not later than 5 December 1960. An applicant resident elsewhere than in Australia or New Zealand should also send one copy of his application to the Secretary, AUBC, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Dept. Part-time Psychotherapist need at East Quinton School for Junior Maladjusted pupils, Eastbourne Road, Seaford, for four three hour sessions p.wk. Honours degree in Psychology with recognised post graduate mental health training &/or equivalent experience in Child Therapy. Fee £2 15s. 6d. per session, plus travelling expenses. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer, (Ref: (3P), 10 Gt George St, Westminster, SW1, returnable by 30 November 1960. (Quote P 765 NS&N).

CHILD Care – Reception Centre. Two housemothers required to take charge of groups of children (with other child care assistance) at Earlsfield House, Swaffield Road, SW18, a reception centre for 51 boys and girls admitted for observation and assessment of their problems. Interesting but demanding work. Previous residential experience essential, either in reception centre or with older boys and girls. Comfortable quarters and congenial atmosphere. Adequate cooking and domestic assistance. Up to £595 less £138 for board etc. 4 weeks leave including Bank Holidays. Apply Children's Officer, (WDO/NS/2885/11), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of New England, Armidale, New South Wales. Lectureship/Senior Lectureship in Psychology. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. The successful applicant will be required to teach both internal and external students at any level. He will also be encouraged to develop his general teaching along the line of his particular interest and training. Staff duties are allotted so as to give each member reasonable time for research. Commencing salary will be within the range £A1,730 x 105 – £A2,435 for a Lecturer, and £A2,550 x 90 – £A3,000 for a Senior Lecturer. In addition a cost of living allowance which is at present £A29 per annum is payable. For permanent appointments provision is made for superannuation, travel and removal expenses, and assistance in buying or building a house. Further information about this position may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 15 Dec. 1960.

BBC requires Head of Midland Regional Music in Birmingham to be responsible under Head of Midland Regional Programmes, for organising Music programmes from Midland Region in both Sound and Television, and for maintaining a high standard of musicianship and programme building. Should have sound professional qualifications, knowledge of traditions of music-making in the Midlands and East Anglia, ability to foster relations with outside music organisations in the Region, and positive interest in the presentation of Light music. Salary £1,920 rising by five annual increments to £2,395 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60/G.567N/Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

CENTRE for Urban Studies, University College London require Research Officer to be responsible for research projects mainly in the fields of social statistics and urban sociology. Candidates should be familiar with sources of social statistics and their analysis and have experience of social research techniques. A degree in one of the social sciences is essential. The salary, depending on experience and qualifications, would be within the range of £1,000 to £1,700. A short-term appointment of one year is not excluded. Please apply Secy, Centre for Urban Studies, Flaxman House, Flaxman Terrace, WC1.

GRADUATE master experienced in GCE work, general subjects ('O' level) reqd London Co-educational school. Burnham scale plus for really competent applicant. January 1961. Box 8674.

LONDON County Council. Social Workers preferably with social science qualification required as assistant mental welfare officers to work as members of teams of mental health social workers in the nine health divisions of the county under the immediate direction of the divisional mental welfare officer. Duties comprise community care of mentally disordered of all types and ages and provide good opportunities for individual case work. Promotion prospects. £700 – £980, commencing according to qualifications and experience. Married women eligible. Details and form from Medical Officer of Health (D1/NS/2895/11), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 5 December.

ICT Adviser in Training Methods. As the range and intricacy of data-processing equipment increases so do the problems of instructors at the ICT training centres. Syllabi, methods, techniques and teaching aids must be changed and developed to meet new requirements. Whilst methods of instruction are primarily the concern of the training staff, we think that there is a need for a specialist to advise and assist in these methods. He must have a technical bent and be able to devise aids to illustrate simply, the functioning, operation and application of equipment ranging from mechanical and electro - mechanical machines to electronic computers. The man we seek is probably about 35, imaginative and experienced in the instruction of adults (possibly in an education department); he must have wide experience of, and a creative interest in, training techniques, and must possess the personality necessary to gain the confidence and co-operation of the training staff. Applicants should send brief particulars of their qualifications and experience to: The Manager, Personnel & Training Division, International Computers & Tabulators Ltd, 149 Park Lane, London, W1, quoting reference PT/ATM on letter and envelope.

MARRIED Woman required for interesting and varied work; part- or full-time; shorthand/typing essential; personnel experience useful. Written applications only giving details of age, previous experience, hours offered and salary required to the Superintendent, Islington Family Planning Centre, 39 Spencer Street, EC1.

SMALL literary agency (Hampstead) offers versatile position to first-class secretary. Good speed typing is alas essential. Ring PRI. 0968 or write Box 8661.

PART-time Book-keeper with good experience of PAYE reqd nr Baker St. Hours by arrangement. Good salary. Box 8742.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Committee. Required at Hounslow Child Guidance Centre, School Road, Hounslow, Middlesex. 1. Psychiatric Social Workers. (a) Full-time; (b) Part-time – Six sessions p.wk. PTA quals. & salary. 2. Part-time Psychotherapist for four sessions p.wk. Honours degree in Psychology with recognised post graduate mental health training and/or equivalent experience in child therapy. Fee £2 15s. 6d. per session. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (s.a.e.) Post (1) from Borough Education Officer, 6 Lampton Road, Hounslow; Post (2) from Chief Education Officer, (Ref. GP), 10 Great George Street, Westminster, SW1, returnable by 30 November 1960. (Quote E779 NSN).

THREE fully qualified masters required – Maths, Science, English. Private School. Seaside. Box 8652.

APPLICATIONS invited for post of Accounts Secretary in small international girls' school. Typewriting and interest in people essential, shorthand an advantage. Box 8736.

SECRETARY required for Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Apply in writing to Mrs Nuttall, WILPF, 29 Gt James St, London, WC1.

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APPOINTMENTS WANTED

DENNIS Kiley, former News Chron. corres. is now avail. to provide coverage on events anywhere in Southern Africa. Write c/o Drum Publns, P.O. Box 3413, Johannesburg/cable Drumbeats, Johannesburg.

YOUNG Chinese painter (30) British subject qualified in sh.-typing, commerce & elem. book-keeping, some knowledge French and Spanish, seeks post in office. American offers also welcome. Box 6923.

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FOR freedom and self-government, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, MA, Ed.B.

FARMHOUSE School, Wendover, Bucks, situated in beautiful Chiltern countryside. A boarding and day school with a practical approach to educ. where girls run their own farm and take grammar school subjects to GCE levels. Wendover 2297.

PAGES School, Heathfield, Sussex. (Tel. 536). Boys' boarding, entire charge. Small classes.

SUMMERHILL School has a few vacancies. Self-government. Freedom but not licence. GCE. Co-ed. of course. Very moderate fees. A. S. Neill, Leiston, Suffolk. 'Phone 40.

SCHOLARSHIPS

SEVENOAKS School. Scholarship Regulations, 1961. Two or more Major Scholarships, value up to full fees (Boarders: £297 p.a. Day Boys: £135 p.a.). Minor Scholarships and Exhibitions. Junior Group: Under 11½ at end of February. Senior Group: Age 11½ to 13½ at end of February. In addition a £50 Tobacco Blenders Guild scholarship for a boy of reasonable academic capacity and notable talent and qualities of character. Date of Examinations: End of February, 1961. Applications to Headmaster by 1 February.

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PACKING, Shipping and Household Removals. Estimates free. Bonners, Welling, Kent. Dial BEXleyheath 5751.

PERSONAL

YAS Mina Orphanage, home for 100 Algerian Refugees, Need for support urgently requested. They have suffered greatly. Collections of old spectacles and dentures bring good prices. Please help us. Collections to War On Want, 9 Madeley Rd., Ealing, W5. Carol parties helped us greatly last year.

GARDENER wanted now and then. Expd man or woman to help with small garden off Sloane Sq. Phone any morning SLO. 6729.

HALF-Persian Manx kitten wishes nice home with garden. At present living in bed-sitter. FRE. 4694.

3RD Anniversary dance, Victoria Hall, Bloomsbury Sq., 25 Nov., 8 p.m. 7s. 6d. Non-members welcome. For details of informal parties for theatres, concerts, outings, etc. send s.a.e. to Companions Club, 11S, Dryden Chambers, W1.

POETRY Reading Club invites new members. Fortnightly Tuesday evening meetings. Expd unbashful readers pref., preparation reqd. Details 14d Draycott Pl., SW3.

WOULD Almoner interested joint appointment with N London Council for After Care write Box 8452.

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TELEGU lessons required by beginner in London. Please write Box 8744.

BALLET, modern, creative, educational, classes for adults, children. Relaxing, stimulating for persons of all professions. Hilde Holger School, 27 Oval Road, Regents Park, London, NW1. GUL. 6822.

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HUMANISTS accept the brotherhood of all men; reject the idea of the supernatural; work for better human conditions. Write Ethical Union (Pres. Sir Julian Huxley), 13 Prince of Wales Ter., W8.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1 (SLO 9595), for conversn & tuition.

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PERSONAL—continued

VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, SW7. KNightsbridge 7323.

CARAVEL Press Christmas Cards on show 11 Moxon St, Marylebone, W1. HUN 0492

TV Urgently Needs Scripts. Learn to write Drama, Comedy, Serials, etc., from practising professionals. Write to TV Writing School, Dept 318, 14 Sackville St, W1, or phone REGent 0721 stating any special interest.

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LECTURES, etc—contd from p.812

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Members' Introductory Party. Dancing to Cosmo Combo and his group. Tuesday 22 November, 8.30-11 p.m. Members free, non-members 2s. 6d. 'The Arts in The Future': The first of two discussions. Speakers – Stuart Hall, Richard Wollheim, Mark Abrams and Neil Crichton-Miller. Chairman: Anthony Crosland, MP. Thursday 24 November at 8.15 p.m. Members 2s. Non-members 3s. 6d. Robert Graves will read from his poems, including new ones, on 29 November at 6.30 p.m. in the Recital Room, Royal Festival Hall. Presented by the Institute of Contemporary Arts. Tickets may be obtained in advance from the ICA Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W1. Reduction for members. Tickets on sale from the Hall from 21 November.

LONDON NLR Club, Monday 21 Nov. 'London Belongs to You': I. Davies & others, Partisan, 8 p.m. Tuesday 22 Nov. 'Housing & Rents in London', David Donnison, Partisan, 8 p.m. Admission 6d.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Special Public Meeting, Caxton Hall, Wed. 23 Nov., 6.30. 'Buddhism in Daily Life'. Speakers: Mr Christmas Humphreys, Miss P. T. N. Kennett, Mr M. O'C. Walshe. Also Sat. 26 Nov. at 3 p.m. The Saturday Group (reading, discussion, tea). Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enquiries TAT. 1313.

THE Status of Woman in Judaism'. A talk by Moshe Davis. Thurs. 24 Nov., 8.30 p.m. YPZ, 57 Eton Ave., NW3. Non-mems 2s.

FILM and Discussion 'Can We Be Rich?', an interesting analysis by the Socialist Party of Great Britain of an aspect of modern society. Fri. 25 Nov., 8 p.m. Memorial Hall, Windsor Road, near Ealing Broadway.

'PSYCHOLOGY in Politics'. Lecture by Dr Schindler on 19 Nov. '60 at 7.30 for 8 p.m. at 57 Eton Avenue, NW3. Arranged by The Hyphen, 2s. 6d.

BLACKHEATH NL Club: Industrial Folk Song – A. L. Lloyd speaks and sings. Fri. 25 Nov., 8 p.m. Note new meeting place: Kidbrooke House, 78 Shooters Hill Rd, SE3 (nr Rochester Way)

PERSONALIST Group. Dr Ernest Gellner on 'The Politics of Sanctity', Thurs. 24 Nov., Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m.

THE Masters of Lif'. Public lecture, 20 Nov., 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

SOVIET Author Sholokhov speaks at SCR meeting Thursday, 24 Nov., 7.30, at new Kensington Public Library (opp. Kensington High St stn). 2s. 6d. at door.

CLOSE US Bases – rally to Trafalgar Sq., 19 Nov., 3 p.m. Followed by march to American Embassy, led by G. Dutch, E. Roberts, Cllr P. Middleton and others. London Peace Campaign.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 20 Nov., 6.30 Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'Programme for Utopia': J. B. Coates.

IWC Public Lecture. Free. Miss Maitland Howard: Prehistoric Animals (illus.). 8.30. Fri. 25 Nov. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2.

PHENOMENON of Man (du Chardin) Reading Circle forming. PRI. 6587.

'CHINA: Man's Humanity to Man' Rev. Jack Boggis on his visit. Tues. 22 Nov. 8 p.m. 118 Finchley Rd, NW3. (opp. Finchley Rd Underg'd). 1s. 6d. Brit.-China F'ship Assoc., 228 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

R. VEDANTA Centre, 68 Dukes Av., Muswell Hill, N10: Suns. 5 p.m. Discourse. Thurs. 24 Nov., 7.30 Kingsway Hall. Swami Ghanananda: 'The Law of Karma'.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London HQ, 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

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UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled 'The Persian Religious Theatre' will be delivered by Professor A. Bombaci (Naples) at 5.30 p.m. on 28 and 30 November at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, WC1. Adm free, without tkt. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

LECTURE CRSES, etc—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled 'La Venta and the Ecology of the Olmec Civilization'; (i) 'The archaeological excavations at La Venta, Tabasco, Mexico'; (ii) 'The socio-political structure of the La Venta group' will be delivered by Professor R. Heizer (California) at 5.45 p.m. on 23 and 24 November at the Institute of Archaeology, 31/34 Gordon Square, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Art Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

EVENING Drama Classes. Beginners welcomed. Stage movement, mime, Voice production, stage technique. Rehearsal classes, three productions a year. Moderate fees. Mountview Theatre Club, 104 Crouch Hill, N8. MOU. 5885.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas. Law, Profess exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Est. 1894).

SPANISH conversation. Special week-end crses: idioms, pronunciation, with tape recorders. Academia Britanica, 35 Endell St, London, WC2. TEM. 2202.

RUSSIAN Language & Literature. Native graduate tutor. Experienced prep. all exams. espec. Degree. Box 8344.

ITALIAN lessons by expd native teacher. Speedy results guaranteed. Box 8212.

CHANCERY 4219. Individual Russian tuition by graduates. Tape recorder.

SECRETARIAL Training especially for university graduates, and older students six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave. W11 PARk 4654

INTENSIVE Secretarial Courses, Gregg and Pitman Shorthand. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, SW7. KEN 4771

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'WHICH?' The November issue reports impartially on: electric light bulbs, cough remedies, pet foods, dress hire and nylon whiteners, based on scientific tests and independent surveys. 'Which?' is published monthly by the Consumers' Association on annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 333 High Holborn, Lond., WC1

OVER 1,500 Penguin, Pelican & Egg-head paperbacks in stock at Hampstead's High Hill Bookshop, 11 High Street, NW3 (HAM. 2218).

WIMBLEDON: Visit Lloyd's Bookshop, 64 High St, this Christmas. New and Second-hand books and Remainders, Prints, Christmas Cards, unusual Pottery. WIM. 6723.

FRENCH Books. If you have any for sale, of a scholarly nature, we are anxious to buy them. Also complete sets of reference works (dictionaries, bibliography etc.). Librairie Française R.G. Boulton, 17 Gillingham St, London, SW1. VIC. 1583.

'A & N' The Library Service which provides the latest books reviewed and advertised in these columns promptly and at reasonable charges anywhere in Great Britain. Free prospectus from Army & Navy Stores, Westminster, SW1

NORTH London people seem to find the second-hand books they want at The Southwood Bookshop, 355 Archway Road, Highgate, N6 (opposite Highgate Underground station). Early closing Thursday.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London WC2

LIBRARIES bought: politics, economics, world affairs. We collect RIV 6807. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W6.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht R. & E. Steiner (Books) AMBassador 1564

GERMAN books in 7 rooms (understatement) Libris, 31A Boundary Rd NW8

'NUDES of Jean Straker' - leaflet 6d. Visual Arts Club, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

FRENCH Winter Holidays – you can't afford them? But you can if staying at Relais Routiers. Their Guide lists 4,500 where rooms are 10s., meals with wine 7s. 6d. Bookshops or direct from Les Routiers, 178 Fleet St, EC4. Tel. CITy 5889. By post 15s. 8d.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

WINTER SPORTS
IN
CZECHOSLOVAKIA

We have personally inspected the Czechoslovakian Ski Resorts and are able to offer facilities for ski-ing holidays costing as little as £48 5s. inclusive of accommodation and air travel.

Call, write or 'phone for our brochure:

WORLD SPORT & TRAVEL
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CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

Would you like to spend Christmas or the New Year SKIING IN THE ALPS or basking in MEDITERRANEAN SUNSHINE or enjoying yourself with a cheerful CHRISTMAS OR NEW YEAR HOUSE-PARTY IN BRITAIN? Contact at once: ERNA LOW, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 8881-2.

WOULD you like to join a New Year Skiing Party? Sölden, Austria (14 days – £28 7s. incl.); Kranjska Gora, Yugoslavia (14 days – £27 10s. incl.). Let us know immediately; Renaissance Holidays Ltd, 28 Finchley Rd, St John's Wood, Ldn., NW8.

WATERSPORTS Holidays at Home and Abroad. Canoe camping down the Wye from £8 10s. p.w. Rhône and Danube £34 10s. for 16 days. Sailing, water-skiing, canoeing on the Côte d'Azur, in Suffolk and in Scotland. Rates are fully inclusive of equipment, meals, camping fees, etc. Perfect no-worry open-air holidays. Send now for illustrated Brochure and full information. P.G.L. Holidays, 19 The Boat House, Letchworth, Herts.

WHERE TO STAY

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf. rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch., Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 426

COTSWOLDS. Tower House Hotel, Woodchester. Fine house. Central heating. Late holidays, Christmas.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. posted Victor Hilton, 5 Sundial House, Torquay.

RECULVER Lodge (NS), Beltinge, Kent. Always open. Christmas houseparty. Conferences welcome. Licensed.

BOOK now for Xmas. Log fires, party fun, off beaten track. AA, RAC. Lic'd. 4 acres, pkg. Open all yr. Southdowns Hotel Trotton, Nr Petersfield. Rogate 93.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

The Christmas gift
for only £1
that lasts the whole
year through
'WHICH ?'

For details about
gift subscriptions to 'Which?' write
to Dept 6, Consumers' Association,
333 High Holborn, London, WC1.

JUST for the present Collet's are holding a pre-Christmas Sale of new gramophone records. Great records. Fine artists. Collet's Record Shop, 70 New Oxford Street, WC1. Must finish 17 Dec.

CHRISTMAS Cards: Düret Drawings, Edward Cocker's calligraphic designs, Bewick woodcuts and reproductions of famous paintings, all 1s. 6d. from Ganymed, 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

COLLET'S Christmas Choice: Children's books from Russia; Seven Seas paperbacks; gift books from USSR, Eastern Europe, and China. See them at Collet's Bookshops, 64 Charing Cross Rd, WC2; 45 Museum St, WC1; 193 Haverstock Hill, NW3; 62 Carr Lane, Hull, or send for lists.

PAUL & Marjorie Abbatt Toyshop. The right toys at the right age mean busy, happy children. Catalogue free for postal shopping. Dept NS. 94 Wimpole Street, London, W1.

ANTIQUES & International Crafts for Xmas gifts. Russian & Bulgarian crafts, toys, national costume dolls etc. from Mair Bernard, 8 Spring St, W2. PAD. 6946.

OLIVIER, Fonteyn, Gielgud etc. in porcelain, finest handmade pottery, tableware, original gifts. Briglin Pottery, 22 Crawford Street, W1.

LADIES Head Scarves. Painted views of Cambridge, Oxford, Stratford-on-Avon, London. 54s. Fast colours. Kenwin Studio, Little Shelford, Cambs.

they have to LIE TO LIVE...

A young man, able and likeable, is refused a job. A boy is kept indoors because of the cruel talk of neighbours. A woman is afraid to marry and have children. Who are these people? And what unites them in a common bond of misfortune?

They are all epileptics. They suffer from an attitude of mind which harks directly back to the fears and superstitions of the Middle Ages. Even in England, in 1960, they are still regarded as pariahs, forced into deceit so that they try to conceal their condition even from the doctor.

Under today's medical care the condition can be controlled. The vast majority of our estimated quarter of a million epileptics could lead normal, useful lives . . . if Society would let them.

The British Epilepsy Association wants to create a world which accepts epileptics with reason and humanity. Write to us for the free booklet which tells you what epilepsy really is and how your voice can help to change the future for all epileptics. The British Epilepsy Association, Dept. NS.6, 27 Nassau Street, London, W.1.

OPERA & BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN, WC2.

THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA

19 & 25 Nov. at 7.30 Peter Grimes
21 & 23 Nov. at 7.30 Carmen
22 Nov. at 7.30 Cavalleria Rusticana & Pagliacci
24 Nov. at 7.30 Macbeth

THE ROYAL BALLET

Season opens 14 Dec. Rep. incl.; Cinderella, The Invitation. Programme available. Booking open.

Box Office Tel.: COVent Garden 1066

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE

TER. 1672 Evngs 7.30

19 & 25 Nov. The Marriage of Figaro
23 Nov. Cinderella (La Cenerentola)
24 & 26 Nov. Fidelio

OPERA Circle. Programme of excerpts of operas by Cherubini, with soloists of Sadler's Wells Opera Co. 11 Dec., 8 p.m. 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Details: Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W8. WES. 7513.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Last wk. Sat. 5 & 8. 'This Way to the Tomb'. Mems.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Commencing 23 Nov., 7, sub. 7.30. Thurs. 2.30. S. 5.0 & 8.15. Trials by Logue.

TOWER. 7.30. 18, 19, (mems. 20), 24, 25, 26 Nov.: 'Good-Natured Man'. CAN. 3475 (before 6), CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Shaw's 'Androcles and the Lion' & L'Après-midi de Mr Shaw'. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

JOHN Williams. Guitar Recital, Wigmore Hall, Thurs. 24 Nov., at 7.30. Works by Galilei, Bach, Scarlatti, Tansman, Ponce, Balada (1st perf.), Villa-Lobos, Albeniz. 10s., 7s., 4s. at Hall WEL. 2141, Ibbs & Tillett Ltd WEL. 8418.

MARY Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. Saturday, 3 December, 7.30. Works by Blow, Peerson, Purcell; Cantatas by Bach & Chr. Bernhard; Nonet by Martinu. Clare Walmesley (soprano), Laura Sarti (contralto), Norman Platt (baritone), string & wind instrum., choir, orchestra. Cond. W. Bergmann. Tickets 4s. from Registrar or at door.

GUITAR recital by J. D. Roberts, Burgh House, Hampstead, 29 Nov., 8 p.m. Mudurra (1546), Pujol, Guastavino.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns) Comédie Française in Le Mariage de Figaro (A).

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. 5th Japanese Film Season. Until 20 Nov.: 'Living' (A). From 21 Nov.: Kurosawa's 'Throne of Blood' (A).

'KRAMPUS Dance', Kensington Town Hall Friday, 2 Dec. at 8. Viennese Buffet – Dancing until midnight. Tickets from Anglo-Austrian Society, 139 Kensington High St. Tel. WES. 9003. Members 5s., Non-Members & at door 7s. 6d.

DANCE, International Friendship League, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sat 19 Nov. 7.30-11 p.m. Tkts 4s. 6d.

NON-Yomtovian types: come to our first party at Paso Por Aqui, 64 Heath St, NW3, on Monday 21 Nov. at 8 p.m. Sorry we have to charge you 3s. 6d. admission.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to the Roy Vaughan Quartet, Saturday 19 November, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. Non-members 5s. Non-members will not be admitted unless accompanied by a member

EXHIBITIONS

NEW LONDON GALLERY
17/18 Old Bond Street, W1.
(Associated Marlborough Fine Art Ltd)
Opening Exhibition:
GEORGES MATHIEU, Paintings & Water-colours.
Admission free. 10-5, Sats 10-12.
28 Oct.-26 Nov.

LYONEL Feininger (1871-1956). Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Sq., SW1. 16 Nov.-17 Dec. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admn. 1s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. The Mysterious Sign. Until 3 December. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free. Library Exhibition: Micrographia. Eric Finlay. Until 26 Nov. Admission free.

WILSON Steer (1860-1942), Tate Gallery. Arts Council exhibition. 11 Nov.-11 Dec. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admn 2s. 6d.

CHRISTMAS Exhibition of Fine Crafts, at the Crafts Centre of Great Britain, 16-17 Hay Hill, W1. Mon.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 10-12.30. Admission free.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Works by Picasso, Braque, Picabia, Bott, Carzou, Stanley Spencer, Piper, Nolan, Boyd, Bratby & others. Wkdys 10-6, Sats 10-1.

TOOTHS: Exhibition, 'Recent Acquisitions' including work by Braque, Constable, Corot, Degas, Gainsborough, Monet, Pissarro, Seguzac, Sisley, Vuillard. Daily 9.30-6, Sats 9.30-1, 31 Bruton Street, W1.

COLLECTORS Gallery, 89 Portobello Rd, W11 (upstairs). Original works by top men 1790-1960 at reproduction prices £1-£10. Daily (except Thurs.) 11-5; all day Saturday 10-6.

FINSBURY Art Group Exhibition of Paintings by Members. Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St, EC1 (near Town Hall, Rosebery Ave.). Mon. 21 Nov. to Sat. 3 Dec. Open 10-8 Mon. to Fri., 10-5 Sats. Admission free.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond Street, W1. Oskar Kokoschka in England and Scotland. Paintings and watercolours. First Kokoschka Exhibition in London since 1927. In aid of Children & Youth Alivah and Save the Children Fund 9 Nov.-15 Dec. Daily 11-5. Sats. 10.30-12.30.

REX Whistler 1905-1944. Memorial exhibition. Arts Council exhibition Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 18 Dec. Weekdays 10-6; Suns. 2.30-6. Adm. free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Sculptures & Paintings by Bryan Kneale; New Paintings by Derek Middleton. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1 p.m. Closes 25 Nov.

LEIGHTON House Art Gallery, 12 Holland Park Rd, W14. Paintings by Osterweil. 9-26 Nov. Mon.-Fri. 11-7. Sat. 11-5.

KAPLAN Gallery, 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1: Leonor Fini – Paintings. Until 3 Dec. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. Mayfair 4419. 14 Nov. to 3 Dec. Giardelli, Robin Davis, Don Tibbenham. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

HIGH Hill Gallery, 4 Hampstead High Street, NW3 (HAM. 8172). Paintings by Olive Cook and Edwin Smith. Weekdays 9.30-5.30 (Thurs. 9.30-1).

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Frederick Feigl & Michael Foreman. 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7

ST GEORGE'S Gallery Prints. John Watson: Lithographs of the Racecourse. 1-26 November. Wkdays 10-6, Sats 10-1. 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Karl Weschke – Paintings & Drawings. Dly 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. Until 10 Dec. 142 New Bond St, London, W1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ANSWER 1960. Voices, photographs, products describe community life for mentally handicapped adults. Pollock Toy Museum, 44 Monmouth St, WC2. 10-7.30 daily, Sat. 10-1. 15-26 Nov. Nr Leics. Sq. / Tottenham Court Rd.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond St. New Paintings by Ernest Greenwood. Hilda Chancellor-Pope and George Bass.

NEW Art Centre, 41 Sloane St, SW1. Barbara Robinson – Paintings. 16 Nov.-10 Dec. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Selection of Drian Artists, to 19 November; New Premises to open with Paintings and Drawings by Lacasse 1910-1960, 23 November; 10-6.

THE Waddington Galleries. Recent paintings: Patrick Heron. 10-6, Sats. 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Adm. Free.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 12-9, 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ALAN PATON
(President of the South African Liberal Party, author of 'Cry – The Beloved Country')
will speak at Church House, Westminster, at 7.30 p.m. on MONDAY, 28 NOVEMBER on the occasion of the Annual Meeting of Christian Action.
Tickets price 2s. 6d. Reserved, 1s. Unreserved from The Secretary, 2 Amen Court, Lond., EC4 (CITy 6869).

HALDANE SOCIETY
Symposium on the Doctrine of Intent in Criminal Law (with reference to D.P.P. v. Smith)
Sydney Silverman, MP
Edward Griew
J. E. Hall Williams (Lecturer in Law at LSE)
Dr Clifford Allen
Chair: Lord Chorley
Tuesday, 22 November 6.30 p.m.
Royal Scottish Corporation, Fleur-de-Lis Court, Fetter Lane, EC4.

WATSON CHAIR LECTURES
LORD JAMES OF RUSHOLME
High Master of the Manchester Grammar School
will deliver two Lectures on
EDUCATION AND DEMOCRATIC IDEAS
22, 23 November
Tuesday and Wednesday at 5.30 p.m.
Gustave Tuck Theatre, University College London, Gower Street, WC1. Admission free, without ticket.

FILM VIEWING SESSION
Saturday 19 November, 2.30 to 8 p.m.
Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1
Recent films on nuclear weapons, refugees, war on want, apartheid incl. the 1960 Aldermaston, Danilo Dolci's work and 'Come Back Africa!' Admission 2s. 6d. Friends Peace Committee.

LONDON NLR CLUB
WEDNESDAY, 23 November
MURDER IN FLEET STREET
Jas. Cameron, Representatives of the News Chronicle Action Committee, the Printing Industry and the New Left.
CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, 7.30 p.m.
Members 1s. 6d. Non-members 2s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

P.E.N. HERMON OULD MEMORIAL LECTURE – 1960
SIR ISAIAH BERLIN lectures on TOLSTOY AND ENLIGHTENMENT
in Friends' House, Euston Road, London, NW1, at 7 p.m. (doors open 6.30), WEDNESDAY, 23 NOVEMBER. Chairman:–Dr C. V. Wedgwood. Tickets available in advance: P.E.N., 62 Glebe Place, London, SW3, at 3s. 6d. each: remittance and s.a.e. are necessary.

MARYLEBONE CND FILM SOCIETY
Thursday 24 Nov., 7.30
St Mark's Parish Hall, Homer Row (Marylebone Rd/Edgware Rd).
Elia Kazan's VIVA ZAPATA with Marlon Brando. Two shorts: Algerian Refugees, and Sahara Protest.
Members 2s. 6d.
New members welcome.

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2. Admission free. 22 Nov. 'Bavarian Baroque Churches' by Dr H. F. Hoare; 24 Nov. 'Virtue Rewarded': the sexual theme in Richardson's 'Pamela' by Mr J. Chalker.

CHRISTOPHER Mayhew MP will speak on 'A Layman looks at Crime' at Caxton Hall on Tuesday, 22 Nov. at 6 p.m. Chairman: Lord Feversham. All interested in the after-care of Discharged Prisoners invited. No tickets, but for guaranteed seats, write: The New Bridge, 2 Beaconsfield Terrace Road, W14.

UNITED Nations Association Chelsea Branch, Chenil Galleries (next door to the Chelsea Town Hall), King's Rd, SW3, at 8 p.m. on Monday, 21 November 1960. 'Disarmament'. Speakers: Mr C. Judd, CBE, Director-General of UNA; Rev. Canon L. John Collins, MA, Chairman of Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament; Lt Col E. Mackinnon, Conservative Party; Mr C. Boyd, Labour Party; Mr L. Spicer, Liberal Party; Chairman: Councillor Miss Katherine Acland, OBE, TD, JP, Mayor of Chelsea.

THE Fabian Society and Central London Fabian Society. Fabian Autumn Lectures. Wednesday 23 November, 7.15 p.m. Livingstone Hall, Tothill St, SW1. 'Socialist Values in a Changing Society': Gerald Gardiner, QC. Front rows 4s. other seats 2s. 6d. Tickets from Lectures Secretary, 11 Dartmouth St, SW1 (WHI. 3077).

'THE National Health Service with special reference to Mental Health'. A Central London Fabian Society Weekend will be held at the Asquith Room, 2 Soho Square, W1. On Saturday 19 November, 2.30 p.m. Dr Bruce Cardew; and, on Sunday 20 November, 10.30 a.m. Dr Dickson Mabon, MP; 2.30 p.m. Dr M. Woollaston. Tickets 5s. series, 2s. 6d. each lecture.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 18 Nov., 8 p.m. Dr N. Zernov, S. Hackel: 'Rublev and his Icons' – 600th Anniv. (illus.). Fri. 25 Nov. No meeting. At 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. Tues. 22 Nov., 8 p.m. Dr Lydia Pasternak Slater: 'Passages from Leonid Pasternak's unpublished 'Vstretchi S. Tolstym', reading by Olga Shipman (in Russian). Mon. 28 Nov., 8 p.m. George Gibian (Lecturer Smith College, USA): 'Changes in Soviet Literature'.

'OUR Laws and Our Morals (Lady Chatterley)' F. H. A. Micklewright, MA. 20 Nov. 11 a.m. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m. S. Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1.

RT. HON. Arthur Creech-Jones on Colonialism in Collapse. What Now? Tues. 22 Nov. 7.15 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Discussion.

AN EVENING of Discussion on Topical Events – New Jewish Society. Wed. 23 Nov., 83 Chiltern St, W1, at 8 p.m.

WELLSIANS of the world unite. Inaugural meeting of the H. G. Wells Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London, WC1, on Friday, 25 November, at 6 p.m. Enquirers welcome.

LECTURES, etc.—contd on p.811

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